

A JOLLY OLD SONG.

In a comedy called "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which was written by one John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, about the year 1565, and which turns upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was mending her man Hodge's breeches, occurs the following "famous old drinking trowl," as Washington Irving calls it:—

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good,
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a brook.
Though I go bare take you no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold,
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

"I have no roast, but a nut brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me 'stead,
Much bread I do not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lost
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare, &c.

"And, Tyb, my wife, that, as her life,
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she trow to me the bowl,
Even as a swallow should,
And saith, Sweetheart, I look my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare, &c.

"Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring them to.
And all good souls that have scolded bowls,
Or have them lustily trow'd,
God save the lives of themselves and wives,
Whether they be young or old.

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold,
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
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\$150 PRIZE STORY.

THE

"COCK OF THE WALK;"
OR, THE
BOWERY BOYS ON THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

A THRILLING STORY OF CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. MARTIN LANE,
AUTHOR OF THE CLIPPER PRIZE STORY OF
HARRY BLAKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THERE'S A LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT OF FORTUNE A MAN CAN PURCHASE FOR A BILLING."
Puffy Bluffed by Henrietta—Pete Maddocks and Cathart—A Deep Scheme—Belle Flint Punys Puffy, and What She Gets—Too Much Pork for a Shilling—Four by Five—Josephine.

Puffy, Jon having obtained all the intelligence he sought, and freed from all fears either on account of himself or of others, slowly proceeded up to Carwin street, where he left Bill and Charley. A little more cautious however than in the morning, he carefully abstained from making any loose talk to women he met in the street, particularly if they had marked baskets under their arms. As he came along the Bowery, and was passing one of his own particular haunts, he heard a loud voice calling him in.

"What are you making such an infernal noise for, Ned?" he exclaimed on entering. "It's worse than a pup with his tail under a horse ear."

"You're getting pretty considerable particular, Joe Bates, if a man can't speak to you in the street without your trying to make a muss about it! Here's a gal here that wants to see Bill Foster, and I just thought as how you'd be likely to tell her he is."

Sure enough, Joe in glancing round the room saw a very pretty, rosy cheeked, black eyed girl standing there. His heart immediately warmed to the rosy cheeks and collapsed at the black eyes. "What do you want of Bill Foster, little gal?" said he in the most amiable tone that he could command.

"I'll tell it to him, when I see him," she pearly replied. "Won't you?" said Joe, not at all abashed at the slight rebuff. "Yes, you'll do—keep a small sized hotel, but you won't do to carry messages between Bill Foster and I."

"Here's another cat!" thought Joe to himself, as he began to whistle the last new melody. "You're a smart young woman, you are," said he at length, not feeling very comfortable at the idea of Ned Jameson's grinning at him behind. "You don't want to know anything from me—you know how to sweep a crossing!"

"Do you know where Bill Foster is?" asked the promptly. "Shouldn't wonder a bit if I did," said Puffy indifferently, as he took his pipe out of his pocket.

"Well, sir, where is he?" "Hidin' you better inquire at the small sized hotel you spoke of just now!" replied he, as he commenced to cut up some natural leaf.

"If you know where he is, I want you to tell me; I wish to see him immediately on a thing of importance. I am a friend of his."

"So am I," said Joe, lighting his pipe. "See me where he is, then?" said she impetuously. "The matter concerns him alone, and he ought to know it at once."

Puffy was struck with the earnest tone of the girl, and thought that perhaps she might have something of importance to communicate, but fearful that it might be a plant of Campbell's, he made up his mind not to take her to the place Bill was stopping at.

"It's no use, little gal," said he in a kinder manner. "Bill Foster's busy at present, and he can't be disturbed. If his grandmother should arise from the grave and should ask me to show her Bill Foster, I should take off my hat and say—'venerated madam, that Billy can't trot!' No gal, you can't see Bill Foster; but if you've got any word to send him I'm the man, for he and I are as thick as three in a bed. We allers run with the same masheen, got knocked down in the same row, and liked the same gal. Bless your little eyes, if Bill Foster's the right bower I'm allers the left, no matter what's trumps!"

"If you are such a friend you ought to tell me where he is?" said she pleadingly.

"You may try up on that, pretty one, if you can't be did at any price. I know all his business, and if you've got word to send him just tell it to me; for though my mouth's pretty large, it's generally allowed to be pretty close."

"Well, sir, if you know all his business, you know where he was yesterday morning."

"Likely as not," said Joe carefully, for he began to be afraid of a trap.

"And you know that there was some trouble up there?"

"Perhaps there was," said Joe.

"And he came away in a hurry."

"240 on a plank road!" muttered Puffy.

"Well, sir, do you know about this thing or not?" asked she, earnestly.

Joe pondered for a few seconds and answered—"Yes, all about it. The scraps at Cathart's. Now what have you got to say about it?"

"I'm almost afraid to trust you," she replied, "but if I can't see Mr. Foster, and I've waited for him two hours, I suppose I must do

next best. Last night about eleven o'clock a man came to see Mr. Cathart. I work at the house, and I let him in."

"What was his name?" exclaimed Joe, taking a deep interest in the conversation, which was carried on in an under tone.

"I don't know that, for he didn't mention it; but he was a large man, well dressed, but rather bad looking."

"Black whiskers, and an infernally repulsive black countenance?"

"Yes," replied she.

"It's the 'Honey-suckle' himself! What new mischief took him up to Cathart's?" But how did he get in?"

"He sent word to Mr. Cathart that he was the man whom he saw two hours before at a certain woman's."

"That's the name—I see you know more of the business than I do. But Mr. Cathart sent for him up stairs, and there they talked for some hours, and I heard some of the words."

"What was said, girl?" earnestly enquired Joe.

"I didn't mean to listen, indeed I didn't; but just as he went in I heard him say—I've seen that infernal Foster and young Hopeful from the country, and came within an ace of doing for both of them—and he swore tremendously. Now as soon as he mentioned Mr. Foster's name I couldn't help stopping and seeing if there was to be any danger, for if there was I wanted to put him on his guard. Well, they talked a long time about Mr. Foster and a young man from the country, whose name they didn't mention, and this bad looking man said that he had quarrelled with them both that night, but that he was against him, and that he ought to have tried, instead of a knife, a steel thing with a hole in it."

"Go on!" said Joe eagerly. "It's all right so far. I saw the myself, and Bill Foster came near kicking the bucket as he'd ever come to but once!"

"Well sir," continued the girl, "Mr. Cathart talked to him like a bad man and a villain, for he seemed to have known that this person was trying to kill Mr. Foster and was sorry that he failed, and they spoke for a long time in such low tones that I couldn't catch but a word now and then. It seemed to be about things that had gone by for many a year; and this villainous stranger said he had missed once—but he never failed twice; that he'd find out where they were, for he'd set Belle on Bill Foster's track, and she could find him if he were covered all over with fifty feet of damask. It was horribly wicked of him, but he said that he'd do it, and that he knew the two were together, and that he had rammed a ball in his pistol for the heart of them each. And then he said that he'd got to leave town early to-morrow morning; but he'd do that job first, and that he wanted some money. And he named—I can't tell you how many thousands dollars—and Mr. Cathart said it was too much, but he swore at him big and grand, and said if the money wasn't paid before five o'clock to-day he'd not let the rope for Cathart's neck—those were the very awful words—and Mr. Cathart yielded at once and said he should have it at the time. And then the stranger told him to bring it himself, in English Blis, down to Allen Burke's, and inquire for Peg Morrissey's cousin, and he'd find him in."

"Down to Foxey's?" muttered Joe, half aloud.

"Yes! that's what he called him—part of the time Burke, and part of the time Foxey—and then he went off. And he was most frightened to death on account of Mr. Foster, for he's a real good sort of a man, only a little rascally at times; and so this morning I hurried off, as soon as I'd finished my work, to put him on his guard."

"You've done well, little girl!" said Puffy, cordially shaking her by the hand. "You're a regular brick, for a feminine—smooth pressed, and Milwaukee at that. You've brought that story to just the right man—for Joe Bates is the next thing to Bill Foster."

"They spoke of a man named Joe last night sir," she said, "only they didn't say anything about Bates."

"I spoke," he replied, "that the 'Honey-suckle' called me Puffy, didn't he?"

"It did sound like that," said the girl, laughing.

"Yes," he rejoined, "they allers call me Puffy, 'cause it sounds more respectable. But now you'd better run right straight home, and you may rely upon it Bill Foster shall know all about it before an hour. But don't say a word to any one, or you'll be in a bad way."

"He'll know if you mention the girl who let him in when he called at Mr. Cathart's."

Blushing at these words she hastily started—an example which Joe followed in a few minutes, after he had drank a pint of porter and bamboozled Ned Jameson, who cracked a good many jokes about the girl.

"Things are getting down to a focus, sure!" soliloquized Joe as he walked along. "They're working towards a fine point and no mistake. We're on the last quarter, and the pace is becoming rather severe—somewhat rough on the Americans. But we're bound to save our distance, and it looks like coming in ahead!"

"Hail! good morning!" came from a woman's voice, suddenly breaking in upon his thoughts. He looked up and before him stood Belle Flint, dressed in her usually captivating style.

"Come, Joe, if you'll put that pipe up I'll walk along with you, a piece."

"Perhaps you'd like to take my arm?" said Puffy.

"Tounght not do, Joe," she replied laughing, "I would lose my reputation!"

"Have you mercy on the girl who finds it!" exclaimed Joe, who was thoroughly on his guard, from the warning he had received.

"Now, Joe, don't try to come the virtuous dodge, for it ain't your style at all. You and I used to be good friends, and there's no reason why we ain't now. I won't hurt either of us to have a little talk together."

Joe knew for a certainty that Belle was on the track, as Pete Maddocks had promised Cathart she should be, but he didn't wish to show his suspicions. So he walked along by her and kept the conversation a-going.

"Where are you staying now, Joe?" she asked in a friendly manner.

"Part of the time out doors, and part of the time in the Police Station. No, Belle, I ain't got any regular place at all. When I am hungry I eat, if I have any money, and if I ain't I take a smoke."

"Don't you and Bill Foster chum together now?"

"Yes, in course we do," he replied, for he knew it was no use to pretend ignorance of Bill's whereabouts to a woman of Belle Flint's sagacity. "We allers run together—only this morning when I had the bad luck to lose my ticket!"

"What kind of a ticket did you lose, Joseph?" she inquired in ordinary tones.

But Joe appeared as though he felt that he had been too communicative.

"It ain't any ticket at all, Belle; I was just joking with you. As for Bill—he's down at Black Jack's. I let him there three minutes ago—and I'm going up to have a game of billiards."

Joe's artifice succeeded in pulling the epidemic appendage of a shawl from the girl's eye, even such a knowing one as Belle Flint. No quantity of affidavits would have convinced her now that Bill Foster was in the city.

"Come, Joe," she continued softly, "what ticket was it for? I'll let you have money enough to buy another one."

For a long time Joe repulsed all her insinuating efforts, but at last, as if exhausted by the persistent inquiries, informed her that the stranger had gone "down the Bay on a Target Excursion."

"And if I'd met you two hours ago I should have been as happy as though I'd danced with the Prince."

"Well, Joe," said she, "I want you and Bill to come up some evening, and we'll have a nice little hot supper. I didn't do right by Bill the last time I saw him, and if he'll only come he shall have the young chap's money—every cent of it. Why can't you come up to night?"

"Wouldn't I like it, though!" said Joe; "but it can't be done. Bill won't get back till one o'clock—and that'll be too late."

"Not at all—not at all!" exclaimed Belle. "It's just the right time, and we'll have a night of it—all the delicacies of the season!"

"But can you bring along the young stranger, too?" asked Joe, very innocently. "for he is Bill's wife, and we can't leave him alone."

"Of course," said Belle, overjoyed at the success she had met, as she waved her hand to Joe, turning down a cross street. "Be as early as you can."

She went off, thinking that after all it was not much for a shrewd woman to have humbugged such a clever, but thick headed fellow as Puffy Joe. "How under Heaven can they call him a shrewd fellow!" she thought—"why he's a perfect child in simplicity, and I can wind him round my finger like a piece of tape. If it had been Bill Foster, now, I shouldn't have learned a great deal!"

Joe was a nice gal—clever, beautiful—she is! were the thoughts of Puffy, as he kept on his way—extremely accommodating and so very obliging. So he made a fellow who's lost his ticket, and invites him to a hot supper, and all the delicacies of the season. Isn't there any limit to the amount of pork that may be purchased for a shilling? She's smart, but she ain't with an hour and a half of my time—not if she sets her watch ahead every fifteen minutes. One thing's sure, she won't be round asking about us to-day, and it's lucky she ain't, for there's some that have to talk to her on the open that know all about that house in Carwin street; and if she got that idea into her head we should get stirred up before three o'clock by our interesting friend Campbell."

Joe was too wary, though he felt confident that he had won Belle Flint, to go straight to the place where his friends were waiting, but he went to the Bowery, and he took the horse car and rode clear up town, and then came down on a different track. It was now three o'clock, and Joe invested a quarter for a two minutes ride. He stopped the carriage a few yards from the alley, and quickly gliding along with the crowd he slipped up towards the old door. But

what was his surprise, as he approached it, to find the stone steps occupied by a person seated there. A person seated on that step!

All the people of the neighborhood had avoided the place for years as though it had been accursed.

As he drew nearer he saw the strange occupant was a woman.

"That makes the fourth!" exclaimed Joe, mentally—"First Bridget, and then the up-town gal, and then Belle Flint, and now this one. Four by honors, by Jove! I wonder what in the name of Suburb street this one wants! Is it a rape—a message—or a suction pump? Never mind, Puffy, you're good for all the petticoats that ever dragged in the dirt!"

"Who are yer looking for?" he asked of the woman who was quietly seated.

"The person he had thus addressed rose to her feet. She was of a most strange appearance. Her pallid cheeks seemed entirely destitute of blood, and her dark eyes shone with a most unearthly brightness. There was about her an air of insanity."

"I am waiting to enter the place. Have you the key?"

There was something startling in the tones of her voice that chilled the blood of even the impassible Joe, and it was with difficulty that he forced himself to tell her that if she wanted any keys she had better inquire of the owner of the house.

"The owner of the house will be in to night, young man," she replied, "and I must see him there."

"Well," said Joe, "if you know him you've got more on the board than I have, and you may take the money!"

At this he turned to go. "Come back, young man," she said, "and let me in! You say the door is open, the door at once!"

These words brought Joe to a sudden pause. There was a mystery here that he could not comprehend.

"Yes!" said she, "open the door! Never have my feet passed this bloody threshold—but I know every room within, and how they look. I have seen them all—in my sleep!"

"Bloody threshold!" exclaimed Joe, his blood freezing with terror.

"Don't you see it, young man?" said she, sternly pointing to the steps, that were whitened and bleached by the rain and snow of many summers and winters. "Don't you see the bloody footprints all along the alley out to the place where he met the watchman? He will be there to-night with the blood all reeking on his hands, and you will be there with the blood all reeking on your face, and that he knew the two were together, and that he had rammed a ball in his pistol for the heart of them each. And then he said that he'd got to leave town early to-morrow morning; but he'd do that job first, and that he wanted some money. And he named—I can't tell you how many thousands dollars—and Mr. Cathart said it was too much, but he swore at him big and grand, and said if the money wasn't paid before five o'clock to-day he'd not let the rope for Cathart's neck—those were the very awful words—and Mr. Cathart yielded at once and said he should have it at the time. And then the stranger told him to bring it himself, in English Blis, down to Allen Burke's, and inquire for Peg Morrissey's cousin, and he'd find him in."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J. W., Baltimore.—In playing a game of Echec a few nights since, one of the party dealt out of turn, played his hand alone, and took all the tricks. After the hand had been played, but previous to any other deal, the party who had missed the deal recollected that he should have dealt, and claimed that the hand just played was void, on the ground that each player was entitled to a deal, in turn. The party who made the one hand claimed the right to score the points made, on the ground that his opponent forfeited his right to deal by failing to claim it before the hand had been played. Please decide which of the two was right; and if you decide that the party who played the one hand is entitled to score, please state whether it was a failure on the part of his opponent to claim the deal previous to the turning up of the trump, or the playing out of the whole hand, which gave him that right?..... This point is not met with in the meagre rules which have been published concerning this game. My opinion is, however, that the deal holds good, and the party who played a lone hand is entitled to score the points made. According to our view of the case, where a player deals out of his turn, and it is unclaimed until the trump card has been turned, the deal holds good.

W. C., Fort Henry.—1. Morrissey fought Thompson in California, August 31, 1852. In June, 1854, Morrissey and Hyer met at Union Race Course, I. I., when, although challenged by Morrissey, Hyer would not fight, the latter stating that he was not in good health. A meeting was afterwards arranged, however, to take place at the Abbey, Bloomingdale Road, early on the morning of October 20, 1854. Both, with their friends, were on hand, when Hyer produced spoils, wishing to fight with them, but Morrissey declined, saying that he understood the object of the meeting was for a fist fight. Neither party yielded, and nothing further came of the matter. 2. Country McClester died about six years since.

Brook Park, Bangor.—1. The gentleman you mention is of Jewish descent. 2. On the first production of the "Octoroon," at the Winter Garden, in this city, on the 6th of December, 1850, Mr. A. H. Davonport played George Peyton; T. B. Johnston, McClosky; Joe Jefferson, Solomon Scudder; George Holland, Sunnyside; Bonrecault, the Indian; Miss Louie Burke, Paul; J. Jamieson, Pete; Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Peyton; Mrs. J. H. Allen, Dora Sunnyside; and Miss Anne Robertson, Zoe. 3. The first of the full name, but not of the family name in that line.

C. H. B., Boston.—The wager was made as to whether a party was at a certain place at a certain time, and though it was settled that Cahould decide the point, yet it appears that he was in error. If, therefore, both parties were satisfied that the man was actually at the place at the time named, B is the winner, the fact itself deciding the point. As there seems to have been some misunderstanding, however, we would advise a draw of it, under the circumstances.

Okeana Boat Club, Owego.—1. The cost of a six oared race boat in New York, forty feet in length, would be about \$200, and to that, \$20 for painting, \$12 for six 14 feet ash oars, two boat hooks \$3, brass rudder yoke \$2.50, copper stem and scag bags \$2.50, and the whole amount would be \$249. 2. Geo. C. Newman, foot of 119th street, Harlem, N. Y., or Liverpool, 250 South street, N. Y., are good builders, and would doubtless answer satisfactorily, any communication you may favor them with.

Nick, Waterloo.—If your sable majesty was, as you say you are, a reader of the CLIPPER, you would have seen your question answered a few weeks since, in the following manner. To tell a right from a left galle, take hold at the socket (holding it from you) and look from point to heel; and whichever way the point inclines, will decide whether the galle be for the right or left leg.

GAMMA, Philadelphia.—1. Charley Lynch's first prize fight was with Andy Kelly, on the 18th of September, 1856. He had a friendly glove fight with the Jerry Youth, previous to his fight with Kelly. The fight between Lynch and Kelly resulted fatally to the latter. 2. Owen Swift on Boxing, which we can send you for one shilling. 3. No record of fast time in swimming has been kept in this country.

CONSTANT READER, Sing Sing.—1. The fowls of the party named, were not believed to be the best, by those posted. 2. They lack the "game," quality to a certain extent. 3. The difference between a green and a strain, is, that a green is original, and probably might be purchased, if the youthful King Pedro was "hard up," for \$1,250,000. 4. Garlic in moderate quantities is good for the "rattles."

K. D. W., Fairmount, Va.—We would not advise you to have any thing to do with a cock that has been "cut down," as the chickens from such are almost invariably sickly and useless. You can procure one, however, for almost a nominal price, say one or two dollars. Write to Mr. Duff, 223 Bowery, N. Y.

C. C. C., The Avonites, meeting every Monday evening, at 182 West 18th street, might suit your friend. 2. Now do you think our representative was fairly treated, either before or at the finish of the fight? 3. Let us hear how your friend makes out.

YOUR OF THE WALK.—Mr. Forrest first appeared in Philadelphia as a star, on the 15th of May, 1826; and appeared in New York, for the first time, as Othello, in July, same year. 2. Each place would probably hold between 3000 and 4000 persons.

DAVID.—A bet that Lincoln's majority in the electoral vote of New York State would not be fifty thousand. Who wins the bet?..... A wins. The total vote received by the Lincoln electors was 362,267; Fusion, 313,790. Lincoln's majority, 48,477.

JAMES CORNELL, Lowell, Mass.—The largest and most valuable diamond in Europe belongs to the crown of Portugal. In size, it may be compared to a very small peach, and probably might be purchased, if the youthful King Pedro was "hard up," for \$1,250,000.

SAVE MARSHALL, Boston.—Fifty Fives.—If the exposure of the card was the fault of A and not the dealer, a new deal might be called for by the other players.

H. M. P., Deerfield, Mass.—We do not clearly understand your question. You had better make an even swap of it. State the question more clearly.

NOVEMBER, Baltimore.—1. The two Woods you refer to are in no wise connected. 2. It depends on the number of lessons given. 3. Ed Price returned from the South, "sounding in mind and wind."

M. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—The Park Theatre was burnt down, first in 1820 and the last time on Dec. 16, 1848. The Broadway Theatre, was first opened in 1847 with the play of "The School for Scandal."

J. W. BRYER, of Woods Minstrels, who was engaged for by a lady last week, is now at Waterloo, N. Y. The lady will see further particulars in our general theatrical summary.

H. B. J. K., Coxsackie.—A and B play a game of All Fours; A is B's 5; A down and turns up Jack and B holds a high and low. Which wins?..... A wins. Jack scoring as soon as turned up.

PATRON, Rochester, N. Y.—"Ten nights in a bar room," is a drama, and may be obtained of Wm. T. Pratt, 49 Fourth street, South Boston.

J., Westmoreland, Hartford City, Va.—You can have it done through an advertising agent. There are several in this city who attend to such business.

JOHN JONES, Mobile.—Chris Lilly did appear in the ring after his fight with M' Coy. His fight with M' Coy took place in 1842, and he fought Harry Brookhill, in Natchez, in 1847.

NAVY YARD.—The fastest mile ever run by man was done in England.

B., Chicago.—Yankee Sullivan fought Hammer Lane in England, not in this country; he fought and beat Bob Cantu here.

CLIPPER CHARLIE, Madison, Ind.—The individual is, without a doubt, a swindler. He is still located at the same place in this city.

J. D. F., Brooklyn.—We have already twice published the battles of Nan Donnelly.

W. K. B., Birmingham.—One dollar for two insertions.

C. YOUNG, Memphis.—Your card is an advertisement, and must be paid for as such.

A. B., Toronto.—We do not know the parties, and would be held liable should we publish your article.

PROPOSER.—If our regular "has neglected to mention the lady," perhaps she is not all you represent her to be. Your notice is respectfully declined.

T. H. H., Toronto.—Send again to the Brooklyn man for your books, and let us know the result.

STAGGERS.—The dealer and the beggar can settle the deal between them. The others have no say.

JAMES, Cincinnati.—1. We have no record of the death of the individual. 2. The papers of that city do not mention her name.

G. K., Letters.—Will reach Mr. H. Wilks, if they are addressed care of Jas. Parmeter, 555 Broadway, N. Y.

TENNAN, N. Y.—We have Nos 14, 15, 16, 17, 21 and 22, six numbers in all, at the usual price, 4 cents per copy.

STAGGERS.—We have seen no character portraits of the gentleman, and doubt that any have been published. His age is about 27.

W. K. R., Manchester, N. H.—The picture was sent to your address, before the last came to hand. Did you receive it?

G. B., Montreal.—All right. We have placed your name on our books, and will forward regularly.

J. B. B., Hermitage, Pa.—Address J. B. Ashford, 617 Calowhill street, Philadelphia, Pa., who will be pleased to give you every information.

KEENE, Madison, Ind.—Address for Sharp's six shooters, E. K. Tryon & Co., Philadelphia.

R. R. R., N. Y.—The old Tribune office was burned down, February 5, 1848.

M. G. S., Toronto.—We have no such paper published here. Book sent.

CORLEND STREET.—1. Under the circumstances, C cannot play a game. 2. You must invariably follow suit, if you have it.

CHRIS BATTMAN, N. Y.—Lilly and M' Coy fought on Sept. 15th, 1842.

B. W.—Will examine; and, if suitable, "in faith we'll print 'em."

R. M. V., Terrebonne, La.—Your paper is regularly mailed.

J. P. D., Pittsburgh.—See answer to Clipper Charlie.

HEENAN AND MORRISSEY.

We dropped in at one of our Broadway Concert Saloons, on Thursday evening, 31st ult., and among the throng there present, noticed two men who have been the subject of much conversation and discussion during the past year or two. One of these was John C. Heenan, the other, John Morrissey. They were seated at some little distance from each other, and when their eyes met for the first time, it was easily to be seen that a bitter and mutual feeling of dislike existed between them. The glance that passed was but momentary, yet there was no mistaking its import; a sort of "tread on my coat tail," or "knock a chip off my hat," if you wish a fight. In the presence of each other, both men seemed to be somewhat uneasy. Soon, Heenan, with a few friends, left his place, and proceeded to the bar room, where, with a number of others he met there, he called for drinks. He had not been there long, when Morrissey also entered, and approaching the bar, called to the bar-keeper to give him a drink. A couple of friends whom he met there, were invited to imbibe with him, which they did. Thus they stood—the champion and the ex-champion, the victor at Farnborough and the victor at Long Point—within a few feet of each other, and it only needed a word on either side to bring about the rupture which has so long threatened to break out between the two men and their partisans. They drank at the same bar, cast wicked and ominous glances at each other, but neither commenced the overt act, and the friends of the two champions maintained a respectful bearing towards each other. One little word on either side, one single word of hostile import, and the two men might have been precipitated into a deadly struggle. Neither showed the least sign of fear; on the contrary, the countenance of each man were an expression of contempt and scorn. As they came together, so they separated; and on the following day Heenan took his departure for New Orleans.

It is the opinion of those "in the ring" that Heenan will not retire from the pugilistic arena until he has had a chance of meeting his old opponent once more. Many have been of the opinion that the two would have come together ere this, but Morrissey does not consider it "his play" to issue a challenge; he offered to give Heenan a meeting when the latter had concluded his match with Sayers. If Heenan desires another meeting, the friends of Morrissey contend that the challenge must come from Heenan, and we agree with them in this view of the case. No doubt a proper sort of challenge would meet with a ready response from Morrissey, and until such a challenge emanates from the Boy, there is little probability of a fresh match.

WHERE IS SEERITTER.—Not long since, Mr. Seeritter, the great billiard celebrity of Detroit, seemed very anxious to have an opportunity to show his superiority in the game over all comers, but nothing came of it. Now, Dudley Kavanagh, one of our young players, boldly throws down the gauntlet, and offers to play a match with the Detroit champion, at 1000 or 2000 points up, for \$1000 a side. We presume those who backed Seeritter against the great Phelan will have no hesitation in making a match for him to play Kavanagh. See the challenge elsewhere.

PRIZE FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.—In another part of our present issue, the full report of a fight in the "golden state" will be found. It was between two men, respectively named Matt. Tracy and Bill Blackwood, the former being the victor. The details will be read with interest, and probably spur on some admirers of the "manly art" to get up the "steam" nearer home, for a display of a similar kind.

JOHN C. HEENAN was in this city last week, but left here on the 1st for New Orleans, where he has an interest in a business recently started there. He will probably remain in the Crescent City until May next.

Ed Price and Jas. Heenan were also here, having returned from Havana, where they last gave sparring exhibitions at one of the circuses there.

MIRON'S CHES PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—The necessary revisions and re-examinations have been made, the problems are now all in hand, with the complete award of the Empire, Wm. Horner, Esq., and a full report will appear in our next week's regular Chess Department. We shall also then commence the publication of the series by giving the magnificent stratagem which has won the first prize. The 2d prize bearer is scarcely inferior.

A GOOD CHANCE.—The following advertisement we copy from the Herald, of the 1st inst.

TO PHYSICIANS.—A practising Physician wishes to dispose of his route, situated in a flourishing village, one hundred miles from New York city, accessible by railroad, business worth \$1,500 a year, and may be increased to double that amount!

The italics are ours. Comment is unnecessary, but we should not like to be one of the sold out patients, that's all.

ICE CLEANING MACHINE.—They have a contrivance for cleaning the Skating Park at Roxbury, Mass., the invention of a Mr. Meriam, which is said to be quite a success. It removes every roughness and inequality, and leaves the surface of the ice entirely smooth and glassy. The desire to see it in operation, draws many to the scene of its "labor." We make the suggestion without charge that Mr. Meriam let the "masheen spread itself" before our Central Park Commissioners, and thereby make, perhaps, a "big thing."

QUAKER CITY HOTEL.—To this snug hostelry, of which Messrs. McClure & Shaller are the proprietors, quite a number of the show people in Philadelphia resort, and discuss the prominent topics of the day. The "Quaker City" is a well conducted house, and is well patronized in consequence. It is located at the corner of Water and Chestnut streets.

"THE UNION FOREVER FOR ME." Is the title of a song and chorus, written and composed by Wm. S. Hays, and published by Fipp & Cragg, Louisville, Ky. Ada Webb made a great hit when she sang it, and received unbounded applause. On the fall of the curtain, three cheers were given for the Union with a will. Good for "old Kalntuck."

CHAMBERS.—We have heard nothing yet from the Thames Champion, but may have a response in time for our next. We learn that Jack McDonald has been applied to by Chambers to accompany him to this country should the proposed International Sculling Match be made. Jack had the proposition under advisement.

BILLIARDS.—CHALLENGE.—1. Dudley Kavanagh, of the City of New York, will play John Seeritter, of Detroit, a match at billiards, for \$1000 a side. The game to be the four ball carom game, with two and three eighth inch balls, upon one of Phelan's latest patent pocket tables. The number of points to be 1000 or 2000, as John Seeritter may prefer. The rules of the match to be the same as those which governed the late match between Phelan and Seeritter. The proposed match to be played in the city of New York. This Challenge to remain open for three months.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, 140 Fulton, st., N. Y.

GAME FOWLS.—MR. EDITOR.—Before concluding my communication of the 28th ult., I intended to say a word in reference to the fowls of Mr. Ashford; but a better opportunity now presents; as since then Mr. A. has sent to a gentleman here a pair which I was invited to examine on arrival, having done so, I am the better prepared to give an opinion. The pair in question, was a chicken and a pullet, hatched probably in March or April last; and, excepting the color of the chicken, they are as near perfect as any connoisseur could desire; he is a robin breasted, brown, red, or ginger, of perhaps 5 1/2; large bone, lanky, and free from disease; just such a one, provided the color suited, as every man who desires to cross his fowls should select; he has all the characteristics of the blood horse of the feathered creation, and I trust his new owner may be as successful in rearing, as he has been anxious to procure the best stock in the country.

I wish to impress upon the minds of breeders the importance of keeping their game fowls entirely distinct from all others; a dung hill fowl should under no circumstances be allowed on the same walk; and almost irreparable damage has been done where breeds of game fowls by setting their eggs under dunghill hens, and I cannot urge too forcibly the fact that chicks from game eggs, hatched and reared by dunghill hens, have been known to run away. I would also admonish persons about to raise stock to be careful in the selection of the breeding cock; they must not entertain the idea of raising healthy chickens from a sickly cock or from one which has been badly cut in a fight. Yours, in haste,

New York, Feb. 4, 1861.

TROTTER NEAR BOSTON.—A great multitude attended the race in Brighton on the afternoon of the 1st inst., upon the road near Vin's Hotel. The race was well contested between the sorrel gelding Sorrel Hiram, driven by Wm. Woodruff and the sorrel mare, Lady Stewart, driven by..... The Lady did not seem to be on her best gait and Sorrel Hiram won in three straight heats. Time, 2:36; 2:43; 2:54.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, cigars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Cantu, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Giliam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the F. R. A. room and other facilities are also at all times ready for giving lessons in sparring, under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-1/2

THE FAIRLIFT.—JIM LASKAR, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35 ct.

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 45 ct.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 45 ct.

FREE AND EASY, every Wednesday and Saturday evening, at the QUOTE SHADES, 273 Spring street, where the refreshments are of the very best quality every day in the week. 42

THE RING IN CALIFORNIA.—PRIZE FIGHT.

MATT TRACY AND BILL BLACKWOOD. The long talked of prize fight between Matt Tracy and Bill Blackwood took place at Storms' Ranch yesterday afternoon (Thursday, Jan. 3d), for \$1000 a side. There were present some live or six hundred persons, and the pit money amounted to about \$1300. The admittance fee was \$2.50, and nearly every man took a chance. At two o'clock precisely the belligerents entered the ring, which was constructed on the plan of the London prize ring, and every thing connected with the "mill" came off according to the rules and regulations of the London Pugilistic Association. Blackwood won the choice of corner and repaired to it, Tracy taking the opposite one. As Tracy took his position in his corner an American flag was tied to his stake, when Blackwood, with the courage of a Sayer, in a tone of voice to be distinctly understood by all, said, "I will take down those colors." Bill Davis, one of Tracy's seconds, replied that such a threat had often been made, but "they never had been taken down." [Great and prolonged cheering.] Referees and an umpire were then chosen, time-keepers appointed, and "time" called for.

Round 1. Perhaps a minute elapsed in "figuring," when all at once Tracy got in a left hander on the breast of Blackwood, which he didn't seem to mind, but after a "pass" or two went down, Tracy having the best of round 1.

2. After a few felts, Tracy again got in his left, just above Blackwood's right "peeper," bringing first blood, and raising in a very brief space of time a small bump, which became more and more visible to the "naked-eyes" of the spectators as the "mill" progressed. Both went down, B. under with a good deal the worst of it.

3. Quick sparring on both sides, without much visible damage on either side, but after a short rally B. went down, our reporter giving him the best of the third round.

4. Blackwood got in a light "smack" on T's "chist," but it bounced off without "cramping" his wind much, when after a few passes he under the "mill" got in his left, and sent B. down.

Tracy got his left "mauley" in over B's left "peeper," making a very clean opening, when the claret trickled down profusely, and when the fifth round closed another "bump" could be seen, without the aid of goggles, over B's left "peeper," giving T. the best of it by big odds.

6. After "wriggling round" as our reporter terms it, for about two minutes, B. got in a left hander over T's right "chist," which he pledged made him see stars, bringing him in close proximity with the saw dust, and was the first square knock-down, having seemingly considerable effect upon T's mental faculties, for when they came together for the

7th B. got in very easily upon T's "smaller," bringing claret of the deeper hue, and cheering up for him from his friends. [At this point of the fight our reporter "went up" for another Y, and quite a number giving vent to their "phobias" in the same tone.]

8. After considerable "twisting," Blackwood got in on Tracy's "olfactory," bringing a little more "fluid," when they went down, and concluded the eighth round about even.

9. Tracy went down after a few passes right and left, but had decided the best of the round, as Blackwood seemed to be failing, and Tracy, if anything, getting better.

10. Blackwood managed to get in a "warmer," somewhere about Tracy's jugular, bringing him to mother earth, but after a stiff horn of old Madeira he came up in time for the eleventh round.

11. Full of Tracy looking very much like a large sized sand-hill crane, but full of fire, and getting in his left "beetle," upon Blackwood's already considerably lacerated and swollen "mauley," he made some lasting impressions, which had a tendency to darken Blackwood's windows very much.

12. Tracy got another shot at Blackwood's left eye, with his right, which our reporter calls an "eye closer," instead of an "eye opener," giving Tracy so much the best of the fight, that he (re-warded) had taken ninety cents on the dollar for all he had invested.

13. After a dash or two at each other, Blackwood went down, but had none the worst of the round.

14. Both men came up a little under the weather, but pitched in, Blackwood making a few passes, and received several punches on the "mauley" over the peppers. Tracy, however, went down, but had much the best of the fourteenth round.

15. After a punch or two Blackwood went down. At this stage some of Blackwood's friends seemed to think he had the best of it, but our reporter says that from and after the fifteenth round, he could plainly see that B's "fins" were getting weaker and weaker on every succeeding round.

16. Was a very fair round, both making some very "decided hits" about the mug, but Blackwood went down, with two new impressions of Tracy's left mauley on his chin.

17. Blackwood received a shot over the left eye and went down. 18. Both came to the "scratch" with their mugs somewhat "mused up," Blackwood much the worse, but made a dash or two and went down, Tracy under, but had the best of the round.

19. Tracy got in a terrible clip on B's eye, which sent him down, giving T. so much the best of it that two to one was freely offered on him.

20. They came together in good shape, made a few false motions, when Tracy shot straight out with his left, the contents lodging just over Blackwood's right eye—knocking him square off his pins, making this the first perfectly square knock down for Tracy. This, however, proved a "coffee cooler."

21. Tracy got in another square shot, taking Blackwood off his pins without much exertion; B. seeming to be considerably out of wind.

22. Tracy made a rush at his man in the start, caught him with his right on one of his windows and both went down. Tracy taking the top seat. Odds freely offered on T. without truce.

23. Blackwood came up looking horribly, window curtains almost entirely closed, face much lacerated, but made a very good attempt with his left, which was easily ward off by Tracy and another returned, which took effect over B's right peeper. B. went down and came to time on him.

24. With one eye nearly closed and his pins wabbling, and got another punch from Tracy's left, which sent him down.

25. Blackwood slow to duty, Tracy following him to his corner, and inflicting sundry punches, cuffs and smashes upon the mug of B.

26. Tracy forcing the fighting. Blackwood practicing the many art of self-defence, but to no advantage, for Tracy would get in his left money a T. Heenan, at every effort, making poor B. bounce. Blackwood seemed to have lost all command of himself, his legs had failed him, and he was fast sinking from the effects of the severe blows in the crust he got from Tracy's left.

27. Blackwood "waltzed up" to Tracy, got "shot" at but dropped down, when T. claimed the fight, on the ground that, according to the code, he had no right to fall receiving a "punch." The umpire settled this by saying that B. slipped down. He could not slip up; his under-pinning had gone in.]

28. Blackwood received a light kick and went down, evidently about to retire from the prize ring, with a "mug" not to be envied.

29. Tracy shot him one with his left, which sent him reeling to his corner, and almost immediately an end to the "mill," but B. made a stagger to come to time on.

30. But couldn't get his pins to work. B. had weakened in every sense of the word, and up went the sponge, a signal for defeat, by his seconds. Thus ended the great Prize Fight between Bill Blackwood and Matt Tracy.

REMARKS. The fight lasted 45 minutes, and from the commencement, our reporter says, Tracy had the percentage of it. He was much the larger of the two, longer in the arm, more active, and with Bill Davis as his trainer can "clean out," in any ordinary space of time, any man that looks like Blackwood. Bill Davis and P. Calahan seconded Tracy, Joe Quick and Harry Pierce seconded Blackwood. Referees, Tom Garrity, of Iowa Hill, and John Davis, of Grass Valley, Nevada Democrat.

JEMMY MANNY TAKEN.—New York detectives are pretty cute men, and if they once get on the track of a man, it's ten chances to one that they tree him. It will be recollected that Massey was under bail to answer the charge of assaulting a police officer in this city, some months ago. Jemmy, it appears, had made up his mind to stand his trial, but, in the meantime, Billy Mulligan, for a gimlet about having been so unexpectedly disposed of, Massey over in their minds, and first came to the conclusion that the idea of raising a chance was against him, and when the day for trial came around, Jemmy "was not there," and his bail was thereupon declared forfeited. There were numerous stories put in circulation as to Massey's whereabouts, some stating that he had gone to Australia, others again to California, and some to England. The detectives put their heads together, however, connected all these rumors over in their minds, and first came to the conclusion that the "stuck-to-the-guardman" was in Canada. This was one point gained; the next was to locate him, which required some nice tactics. Our detectives were equal to the emergency, and they traced him to Hamilton, Canada West, where officer King proceeded, and arrested Massey on a requisition from the Governor of New York. The officer related the particulars of the case upon officer Pat's double gun, valued at \$75. Made by W. W. Kay, of Philadelphia, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each. To shoot at 7 birds ground trap, 15 shot, 21 yds. rise, 30 yds. boundary; double gun at 12 yds. 15 shot, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each. To shoot at 7 birds ground trap, 15 shot, 21 yds. rise, 30 yds. boundary; double gun at 12 yds. 15 shot, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each. To shoot at 7 birds ground trap, 15 shot, 21 yds. rise, 30 yds. boundary; double gun at 12 yds. 15 shot, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each. To shoot at 7 birds ground trap, 15 shot, 21 yds. rise, 30 yds. boundary; double gun at 12 yds. 15 shot, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each.

TRAP SHOOTING.—On the 23d February, a match at the trap with some of the "Spartan" men, for a very fine laminated steel double gun, valued at \$75. Made by W. W. Kay, of Philadelphia, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each. To shoot at 7 birds ground trap, 15 shot, 21 yds. rise, 30 yds. boundary; double gun at 12 yds. 15 shot, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each. To shoot at 7 birds ground trap, 15 shot, 21 yds. rise, 30 yds. boundary; double gun at 12 yds. 15 shot, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each. To shoot at 7 birds ground trap, 15 shot, 21 yds. rise, 30 yds. boundary; double gun at 12 yds. 15 shot, 15 subscribers, at \$5 each.

SHIPLEY will be upon the ground with plenty of the best birds which can be procured, and there are more prizes if required.

HARRY LAZARUS and MORTON.—The former called on us on Saturday last, and stated that his controversy with the latter was for raising exhibition capital, and that he had failed in his efforts to bring Morton to terms. What's the row now, Morton? You want to fight, or can't you

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.
FIGHTS TO COME.From *The Sporting Life*, January 18, 1861.

- January 19.—C. Guest and W. Newby; 25 a side, at catch weight. Within twenty miles of Birmingham.
- 22.—Fox and Morris; 210 a side, Birmingham.
- 23.—Bishop and Young Morris; 25 a side, catch weight, Birmingham.
- 24.—R. Jones and E. Long; 210 a side, Manchester.
- 25.—Lawson and Wilcox; 225 a side, Liverpool.
- Feb 7.—J. Buxton, of Dudley Port, and J. Lancaster, of Wolverhampton—210 a side, catch weight—Midland District.
- April 30.—Bob Travers and Bodger Crutchley; 250 a side, at 10 stone. Home circuit.
- June —Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; 220 a side, and the Championship.

OFF-HANDED MILL, FOR £10.

GEORGE VINCENT AND DANIEL CRUDGINGTON.
TUESDAY, JANUARY 15.

The mill between these men, who are both unknown to fame in pugilistic circles, which existed for some time in the East-end, took place near a house in the home circuit. Daniel Crudgington, who is forty-five years of age, and weighs about 94 lb, and Jack Hicks. George Vincent is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 104 lb, was also backed from Ward's, and had for his seconds George Crockett and J. Bull. After being shifted by the authorities, the ring was placed in a room which was sheltered from the wind, and the spectators were put to obtain warmth, were ludicrous in the extreme. Jumping, impromptu sliding, and all other means to obtain warmth were tried, with almost no success. After some delay in fixing the stakes, in consequence of the hardness of the ground, the men proceeded with their fight, during which time the referee was chosen, without a murmur of dissent, and Crudgington was the first to throw his cap into the ring, quickly followed by Vincent. Crudgington, who won the toss for choice of corners, placed his opponent with the wind in his face. No time was lost by the seconds in putting the finishing touch on the respective clothes of the men, and they stood up to commence the fight at 11:50.

Round 1. As the men placed themselves in attitude, the disparity in age was very apparent. Crudgington, although looking all his age, was by far the most wiry, every muscle standing out in bold relief. Vincent, on the other hand, was a mere giant, and his still knobby how battles had been won and lost. Vincent was somewhat flabby in appearance, but his attitude, if not so neat as his opponent's, showed equal determination. Crudgington was the first to lead off with the left; but it was short, and again he missed a vicious one with the right. Vincent had better fortune, as he sent out a wild one which grazed the old man's forehead. This forced Vincent to exchange blows with the old man, who closed, and Vincent by a cross-buttock.

2. Vincent came up first, and sprang as if he wished to settle the affair in one round, but the old man cleverly got away, and returning left off with the left twice on the ribs without a return. Vincent rushed to a close, and some wild exchanges took place, Vincent delivering on the neck, and Crudgington on the left eye slightly. The men had now warmed to their work, and at once commenced proceedings by getting to close quarters, and a couple of counters took place. Vincent getting home on the jaw, and receiving on the mouth. He then got Crudgington's head into Chancery, and fished him merrily. The veteran, however, got his hold, and three Vincent were by another cross-buttock.

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can complain in any way of the manner in which they were seconded. Although called a small event, better generalship on both sides could not have been displayed in any contest for a larger amount. Any fight for whatever amount, whether £500 or £5, or between celebrated men or novices, will be fully detailed in our columns, provided they are fought in a 24-feet roped arena, in accordance with the new rules of the P. B. A.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAM HURST, of STALWELL, and JEM MACE, of LONDON, LATE OF NORWICH.—The second deposit of £200 pounds a side, in furtherance of the match for the Championship of £500 and £400, has been posted at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, St. James's, Strand, on February 13th, between the hours of eight and ten P. M. In consequence of the length of time that will elapse before the mill, there is but very little speculation on the affair, the friends of Hurst not liking to meddle until the bulletins of his soundness are more favorable, and the backers of Mace quietly waiting their time to invest. Both men are, however, very confident, and express a very sanguine hope of success.

HALL AND IRE ATKINS, OF BIRMINGHAM.

These men by agreement were to have settled their differences on Tuesday, 15th Jan., but through the misunderstanding in reference to the place of meeting, they did not come together; but the stakeholder, like a true-hearted sportsman, would allow no prejudice to cause a forfeit, and saw at once that a mistake alone was the reason that there was no fight, and Friday was then and there agreed, and the place was named so distinctly that there could be no mistake, whereby an early start took place, but previous to our account of the fight, we will briefly give an account of the doings of the men. Ike Atkins is about 5ft 6in high, and weighs about 9st, and has appeared several times in the P. B. A. previous to this affair, his last performance being with Young Bodger Crutchley, when two hours were expended without a blow being struck. Hall, who hails from the Lancashire town, has made two previous appearances in the ring, and both times has received the laurels. Many even of his own friends fear in this instance he has presumed too much, but the result will show that he had not reckoned without his host, as at about nine o'clock on Friday last, the men appeared stripped in the ring at the place appointed, being attended by their seconds, whose names we are requested not to mention, as well as the referee, but we are requested to contradict the statement made in *Bell's Life*, as Hodgkins had nothing to do with the training of Atkins. We cannot enter into this fight round for round, but we will state it for a fact that the first round lasted 40 minutes, after which Hall would perform, and after fighting 48 rounds in one hour and fifty minutes, Atkins having no chance, his friends threw up the sponge in token of defeat.

FLEET AND COOPER.—The match between these midland counties men, "the first of the kind for £15 a side is off, they having agreed to draw their stakes."

YOUNG CR. VILEY AND LONGMORE.—These Birmingham lads have agreed to draw the stakes for their undecided battle, which was stopped by the interference of the police, after the conclusion of the battle between Jem Mace and Bob Brette.

JONES AND LONG.—These men, both of Manchester, have staked £5 a side on behalf of their match to fight for £10 a side in the Manchester district, and a further deposit of £2 a side has to be made good this week.

WILCOX AND LAWSON.—The whole of the money, £25 a side, has been made good for the mill between the above men at catch weight on the 29th inst., in the Liverpool district.

FOX AND MORRIS.—The final deposit of £5 a side between these 8st lads is due on the 18th inst. They fight for £25 a side on January 22d in the Birmingham district.

JEM MACE HAS MATCHED HIS BOY, "THE STIFF UN," to fight J. G. Laid's last, "The Peaman," at catch weight, for £5 a side, on Tuesday next. £3 a side is down, and the stakes are drawn up and signed.

JONES AND LONG, both of Manchester, are matched to fight at catch weight for £10 a side, in the Manchester district, on January 25th, 1861.

BEN TERRY, of Birmingham, and J. Hill, (alias Mackey Hill,) of Redditch, are matched to fight, catch weight, for £25 a side.

J. BUXTON, of Dudley Port, and J. Lancaster, of Wolverhampton, are matched to fight at catch weight, for £10 a side, on Feb. 12.

C. GUEST AND W. NEWBY are matched to fight, at catch weight, for £5 a side, within twenty miles of Birmingham, on Jan. 18.

BOB TRAVERS AND BODGER CRUTCHLEY.—The second deposit of £2 10s. between these men on behalf of their match, to fight for £100 at 10st, on Tuesday, April 30, was duly made good with the stakeholder at the time appointed.

G. BROOKE, of FULHAM, and CONTRACTOR, of HAMMERSMITH.—These men are matched to fight, at catch weight, for £25 a side. A small deposit is down.

PADDY BISHOP AND YOUNG MORRIS, of BRIGHTON.—These youths, who are matched to fight at catch weight, for £5, have to settle their difference on Tuesday next, the 22d inst., in the Home Circuit.

From *The Sporting Life*, January 19th.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—SAM HURST AND JEM MACE.

Several reports have been flying about the metropolis that Sam Hurst, our present Champion, has not been able to move about without his crutches, which rumor has, in more than one instance, deterred his backers from investing in his favor. We are in possession of facts which warrant us in contradicting the statement as to his requiring assistance while "padding the hoof," as he for hours, day by day, walks miles without any assistance whatever. The Champion of the Middle Weights, Jem Mace, has been suffering from a bad cold, but the genial thaw had almost passed him on his legs again. The second deposit of £20 a side has to be staked at Jem Mace's (the aspirant for the championship), on Feb. 7th, and no doubt on that occasion, the first start will be given to the legitimate betting on the Grand Mill for the Belt.

FIGHT BETWEEN WALKER AND MAY.

AT WOLVERHAMPTON, FOR £40.

These bellfaggers met on Tuesday last, at Tuck Hill, near Wolverhampton, to decide their differences, for £20 a side. Both men hail from the same place, are novices, and belong to the heavy weight division. The articles stated that they should fight catch weight, and as nearly as could be ascertained, May, on the morning of fighting, pulled down the scale at 11 stone, while his opponent (who is an inch and a half taller, standing 5 feet 11 in.) weighed about 11 stone 7 lb.

From the making of the match the merits of the men had been freely canvassed, and so evenly were their chances thought to be balanced, that what betting there was was a trifle. Each of them had several rough tussles "up" and each had also displayed plenty of gameness and a good style of delivery. The morning of the fight was a most inclement one, snow falling heavily; this, of course, precluded any kind of strategy, and the men were obliged to fight in the open, and to the surprise of many, the result was a very close one.

The commissary, after considerable trouble, selected a suitable spot whereon to pitch the ropes and stakes, and at a few minutes past ten o'clock the men entered the ring, May attended by Jack Fleet, of Dudley, and Young Evans, and Walker by Joe Goss and a friend. No time was lost in choosing a referee, Mr. C. Jones, of Tipton, undertaking that the contest should be a fair one.

The men were soon dressed, and as they put up their hands Walker was seen to be in the best condition, May looking soft and fleshy, as though he had been indulging too much in the good things of this life. We have not space to go fully into the details of each round, and can only say that a more game and determined battle was never fought, the men having each a fair share of success.

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and struck him to the ground. I then went to the referee, and asked him his decision; he in return asked the umpires what they thought, and then gave his decision. Mahoney struck Sullivan, and Sullivan said he had no more to do with it, and declared in favor of Sullivan. I had the ropes and stakes pulled up, and took my man in a place to dress. After he was dressed, and away from the ring, I was sent for, and told to bring my man within a quarter of an hour to fight again. Both umpires then declined the offer of acting as such, and the stakes were given to Mahoney on the ground that I had not let Sullivan fight again because he was dressed. I asked the referee why he altered his decision, and he said he had not been appealed to; and notwithstanding every one on the ground told him it was a foul blow, he would not hear of it. Why did he not give his decision against me for taking my man away? The two umpires, and several others, state that while I was away Ryan threatened to cut me (the referee) again—that was the reason he altered his decision. The two umpires still agree that Mahoney struck Sullivan foul, and the referee declared it as such. I am, sir, yours obediently, GEORGE GYRON.

Lamb Inn, Trevellick street, Plymouth.

The two umpires: R. Smith, 121 King street West, Plymouth.

The umpires' agreeing places the affair entirely out of the hands of the referee, who, after his own giving a decision, did not show his manhood in rescinding the same. In our opinion there can be no doubt but that Sullivan is fairly entitled to the stakes.—E.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SIX MILES WALKING MATCH FOR £10.—DAVID BROAD, of FULHAM, and GEORGE DAVIS, of BATTERSEA.—On Saturday last a tidy muster of the lovers of the "fleet foot," met at Mr. Roberts's, the West London Cricket Ground, to witness the six mile walking match between David Broad, of Fulham, and George Davis, of Battersea, for £10.

Broad, although one minute start to his more youthful opponent, and as both men bear a local reputation much above the average, the speculation was rather brisk amongst the adherents of the rival athletes. David Broad, who hails from Fulham, is a fine young fellow, twenty-three years of age, and when in condition draws the scale at 9 stone 6lb. First made his debut in the pedestrian circle by defeating Yates, of Fulham, in a seven mile walking match, at Shepherd's Bush, for £5 a side

A Big Man.—A man named Chilcott, died in Cornwall, England the year 1816. He measured at the breast six feet nine inches and weighed four hundred and sixty pounds. One of his stockings held six gallons of wheat.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Amusement, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m
 Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, 12 North Street, basement. 41
 Albany, N. Y., J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m
 Cleveland, O., T. J. Quinn & Co., 114 Ontario Street. 18-4m
 Troy, N. Y., A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 38-6m

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanics Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand Street.
 JERRY, NEIL AND DAN BRYANT, Managers and Proprietors.
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-
 Renowned BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present
 popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled
 artists:

JERRY BRYANT, DAN BRYANT, D. S. WAMBOLD,
 N. W. GOULD, J. H. HYATT, G. H. PURCEY,
 W. L. HOBBS, G. W. CHARLES, J. M. HILTON,
 T. J. PEELE, and NEIL BRYANT.

In a new variety of songs, dances, burlesques, comicallies, &c.
 The first to introduce the following popular acts:

Essence of Old Virginia, Scenes at Gurney's,
 Scenes at Phalon's, Challenge Dance,
 The Three Hunters, Surprise Party,
 The Garrothers, African Polka,
 Musical Melodrama, Grape Vine Twist,
 Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White
 Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gouler, Whose
 Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low
 Mounds, High Low Kick, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
 Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

OPERA HOUSE,
 (Late Ordway Hall),
 BOSTON.

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
 For the representation of
 ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.
 In all its Departments, by the world renowned and only
 MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
 THE ESTABLISHED FAVORITES.
 Consisting of the following first class Talent:

E. BOWERS, FRED HESS,
 A. THAYER, J. S. GILBERT,
 R. SANDS, D. J. MAGINNIS,
 E. W. PRESCOTT, MAST GETTINGS,
 R. M. CARROLL, J. C. TROWBRIDGE,
 CARL TROUTMAN, JOHNNY PELL,
 AUGUST SCHNEIDER, BILLY MORRIS,
 J. P. ENDREX, LON MORRIS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit
 a continuance of past favors.

43 LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS

AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,
 NIBLO'S SALOON.

B. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
 MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 27th, AND EVERY EVENING.

M. B. Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce
 to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the
 above commodious and popular saloon for the winter season, where
 they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the
 most recherche style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall
 far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to New York audience,
 the programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.

LOOK AT THE COMPASS.

JOHN COTTON, J. UNSWORTH,
 E. C. CAMPBELL, W. MORTON,
 G. W. H. GRIFFIN, W. NORTON,
 J. B. DONNIKER, J. C. REEVES,
 E. J. MILLVILLE, AUG. ASCHER,
 J. J. HILLIARD, L. A. ZWISLER,
 and R. M. HOOLEY.

For further particulars, see small bill. Doors open at 6½; to
 commence at 7½. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

WILSON & MORRIS'

MINSTRELS.
 Fifteen Star Performers.
 First Annual Tour previous to
 THEIR OPENING IN BOSTON.
 Look at this array of talent:

CHARLEY BACKUS,
 the great Ethiopian Comedian from California.
 MR. CHAS. REYNOLDS, GEO. W. SHEPARD,
 ADD. WEAVER, LITTLE BARNEY,
 S. P. EMERY, A. JONES,
 M. T. SKIFF, W. A. FIELD,
 F. CORDUKES, C. BOSWELL,
 J. D. BURTON, W. H. BROCKWAY,
 CHAS. W. MORRIS.

We, the management, contend that we have the best Quartette,
 the best Minstrel, the funniest Comedian, the best Dancers
 and the best Properties in the Ethiopian Profession. In all of
 the above statements we cover criticism and defy competition.

FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS & W. H. BROCKWAY,
 Proprietors.

40-11 CHAS. W. MORRIS, Agent.

MRS. MATT PEELE'S

CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
 Comprising
 FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
 Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumera-
 ble patrons with their
 BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
 LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
 UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
 OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
 Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts,
 entirely original with this company, who now hold the palm of su-
 periority over all other travelling companies, and the only troupe in
 the world that has the undoubted right to the name of
 CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARS EXPLANATORY.
 NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY.
 NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
 As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who are ob-
 liged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."
 Particulars of the evening's amusements always observed in the
 distributing programmes of the day.

28-11 J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS,
 Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever
 organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS—
 JOHNNY BOOKER, HARRY EVARTS,
 DICK SLITER, S. S. PURDY,
 ROBT. LANE, THO. J. JEFFERSON,
 G. L. HALL, G. H. WARRER,
 A. C. STONE, HERR HECK,
 whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions through-
 out the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will
 visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids,
 Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage
 Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent.

38-11

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS

RETURNED FROM HAVANA, CUBA.
 In consequence of the yellow fever making its ravages among our
 members, and taking from us some of our prominent performers—
 by death—we were for the safety of the remaining ones, compelled
 to forfeit all engagements and leave the island for home. The mis-
 fortune that befel us has caused the management to disorganize un-
 til the 10th of March, when the Company will be made up for their
 regular Spring and Summer Tour. Artists of acknowledged talent,
 such as instrumental and vocalists, wishing to negotiate for the
 season of eleven months, will call on

41-11 RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, 472 Broadway.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
 SYLVESTER ALKRECKER, Proprietor and Manager
 FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELRY,
 461 and 463 Broadway, N. Y.

Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th,
 with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOCKS, DANCES,
 COMIC ACTS AND PIECES, Illustrative of
 31-11 SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY.

MINSTRELS NOTICE—Mr. CHARLES WHITE respectfully solicits

the following gentlemen to forward their respective ages to the of-
 fice of the New York Clipper, to be associated with others of the
 profession, in a useful work which he, Mr. WHITE, is now compiling.
 Question: How old were you last birthday? Answer, and address to
 CHARLES WHITE, Clipper office, 29 And Street, N. Y.

The undersigned will please answer—Thos. McNally, Geo. Rea,
 John W. Adams, Chas. Abbott, Dan Gardner, Mr. Haslem, Byron
 Christy, Mast. Chas. Reitz, Frank Wells, B. Abbecc, J. E. Green, W.
 R. Warner, Mr. Basquin, Pop Jones, Johnny Booker, Mob Turner,
 William Donaldson, Lewis Donnelly, and E. Milken.

40-31

TO SHOWMEN—For Sale, Five Panoramas, of the following sub-

jects:—
 KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE,
 ISLAND OF CUBA,
 SCOTLAND,
 WAR IN INDIA,
 WHALING VOYAGE.

Also Forty Life Size Figures, One Educated Bull, Don Juan,
 Jr. The above will be sold, low and cash, or exchanged for other prop-
 erty.
 GEORGE K. GOWDWIN, 117 Court Street, Boston.

N. B.—Cash paid for rare Animals. 38-11

UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE

DOUBT—SINGERS AND BRASS BAND.
 EVERY MEMBER IS A STAR IN HIS OWN BUSINESS.
 THE LARGEST, MOST TALENTED AND COMPLETE
 MINSTREL TROUPE IN THE WORLD.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S ORIGINAL
 NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE
 AND MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,
 Are performing through the Southern country, and meeting with
 the greatest success, during these hard and exciting times, on re-
 cord. They have lately visited, Mobile, Selma, Marion, Montgome-
 ry, Columbus, Macon, Atlanta, Madison, Athens, Savannah,
 and Charleston, and their houses have been crowded every night;
 in some instances they have been obliged to turn people away. At
 present the Company consists of the following gentlemen, which
 are the very flower of Ethiopian Artists—

C. E. GREEN, J. F. BOWLES, F. N. SLOCUM,
 MONS. C. LAVILLER, J. P. BOWLES, J. H. CARLTON,
 L. J. DONNELLY, JOHN PRATT, M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
 MONS. G. LAVILLER, MASTER CHARLEY, PETER DUPREZ,
 NEISE SEYMOUR, W. B. LAPOINT, P. J. PRATT,
 W. D. FRAZEE, G. P. WRIGHT, GEO. H. SURGENS,
 and CHAS. H. DUPREZ.

They appear nightly in their grand and unapproachable Ethiopian
 entertainments, introducing the latest and best gems of Minstrelsy.
 A CARD TO THE PUBLIC—We would most respectfully inform
 our friends and patrons that for the past four years this Company
 has been under the management of Shorey, Duprez & Green, until the
 first of January, 1861. Owing to some private trouble, which
 has been the cause of delay, they have been dissolved. Part-
 nership on the 25th of December, 1860, at Baton Rouge, La., and re-
 organized in New Orleans on the 25th of December, only two days af-
 terwards, under the present management. J. G. H. Shorey is not
 now connected in any way, shape or form, with this Troupe, and has
 no interest in the party whatever. Any debt contracted by the
 said Shorey will be his own responsibility, and not the Com-
 pany's, &c.

The Brass Band will give a grand serenade in front of the Hall
 each evening previous to opening the doors. For particulars, see
 programmes. Proprietors, DUPREZ & GREEN; Treasurer, GEORGE
 H. SURGENS; Business and Stage Manager, E. GREEN; Manager and
 Advertising Agent, CHAS. H. DUPREZ. 43-51

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

PEAK FAMILY,
 VOCALISTS, HARPS, AND
 SWISS BELL RINGERS
 IN THE WORLD.

GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES,
 Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.
 The following talent is now connected with this Troupe—
 W. PEAK, SA-
 MRS. W. PEAK, ANNIE PEAK,
 WM. H. PEAK, MASTER EDIE PEAK,
 MRS. WM. H. PEAK, MASTER FRANK PEAK,
 LEWIS M. PEAK.

They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December
 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Ver-
 mont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, in-
 troducing their

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,
 Imported expressly for this Company, and the only set of SILVER
 BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
 The Proprietors wish to distinctly understand that they are the
 Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name
 of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during
 that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the Uni-
 ted States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two
 years, and now consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Com-
 panies in the world. We wish to inform the public that no other
 Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.

W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
 C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 43-60W

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN,
 45 BOWERY.
 PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.
 THE PEOPLE'S PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.
 NOT TO BE SURPASSED BY ANY OTHER PLACE.
 GRAND ENTERTAINMENT EVERY EVENING.
 VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.
 GRAND BALLET.
 NEGRO SONGS AND DANCES.
 A CROBATIC PERFORMANCES.
 A GRAND MATINEE BAND FOR CHORUSES,
 Twelve Ladies and Gentlemen.
 BURLESQUE AND PANTOMIME,
 Every Evening.
 GRAND ASCENSION ON THE TIGHT ROPE
 By the Wonderful Little Child AGNES, six years old.
 SOMETHING NEW
 THE BOWERY SURPRISES BROADWAY.

WAITER GIRLS IN FANCY COSTUME
 Admission, Six Cents. Reserved Seats, Twelve Cents.
 Every Sunday Evening.
 GRAND SACRED CONCERT.
 Admission Twelve Cents.
 Every Wednesday Evening.
 FANCY DRESS BALL.
 Tickets 25 cents.
 DON'T FORGET 45 BOWERY.
 O'CONNOR, SIOH & CO.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
 AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
 444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
 444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.

The largest and best conducted place of amusement in the city.
 GREAT ASSOCIATION OF TALENT.
 NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS.
 BALLET, OPERA, BURLESQUE,
 Interspersed with Comic and Sentimental Singing, Negro Extra-
 galzar, Duets, Vaudevilles, Quartettes, Comicallies, &c., &c., by
 the largest troupe of Artists in America.
 Engagement of the most accomplished and accomplished
 MISS MARY PARTINGTON,
 Confessedly the best Dancer on the American stage.
 The highly popular Vocalist,
 CHARLEY WHITE.
 J. W. ANDREWS, BOB HART,
 J. SIMMONS, W. QUINN,
 HARRY LESLIE, WM. B. HARRISON,
 MONS. LA THORNE,
 MISS ADIE KELLER, MISS MARY BLAKE,
 MISS KATE HARRISON, MISS MILLE FLORA,
 MISS EMMA SCHLIE, MISS ANNE HARRISON,
 MISS MARY FLORE, MISS IDA DELMONT,
 MISS NEELY GRAY.

Together with a complete CORPS DE BALLET and a full and effi-
 cient Orchestra, led by Prof. F. VON OLKER.

ADMISSION:
 Parquet, 20 cents; 1st Gallery, 10 cents
 Seats in Private Boxes, 50 cents; 2nd Gallery, 10 cents

MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager. R. W. BUTLER, Proprietor. 41

TO THE PUBLIC—WHERE AND WHO ARE THE GLASS BLOW-
 ERS?—The only company of glass blowers that have any reputation
 as artists in that line, are the "Bohemian Troupe," now exhibit-
 ing every evening at the Metropolitan Hall, on Saturday afternoons,
 at Musical Hall, Brooklyn, corner of Fulton and Orange streets,
 which place they exhibited last season for seventeen consecutive
 weeks. This Company have on exhibition two low pressure steam
 engines, and one oscillating engine, all of which are made entirely
 of glass, and the only ones in the world ever made entirely from
 that material. As a guarantee of this fact, this company will pay
 the sum of \$15,000 to any person or persons that can produce a
 duplicate specimen of either of the low pressure engines, and \$10,000
 for the oscillating engine. This notice, and these rewards, are
 presented to public attention, as a caution against certain impostors,
 who are not satisfied with deceiving the public as to their own abili-
 ties, but must needs take upon themselves the name and fame of
 this, the only and original Bohemian troupe of glass workers. This
 company, composed of American and English artists, adopted the
 name "Bohemian Troupe of Glass Workers" from the fact that
 they, on their first organization, imported for the first time through
 the United States, those fine colored glass which are so famed through-
 out the world, but through their exertions and scientific direction,
 the same is now manufactured by the New England Factory, East
 Cambridge, Mass. This scientific company is composed of the fol-
 lowing artists—G. A. Woodroffe, C. A. Woodroffe, W. Woodroffe, E.
 Haggarty, C. H. Carling, and Mrs. G. A. Woodroffe. T. M. Barrows
 accompanies the Troupe as Pianist. E. Taft, Treasurer; C. H. Carling
 is Agent and Business Manager. 41-41

TO SINGING BOYS—A professional gentleman would like to hear
 of a smart, intelligent lad, from 12 to 14 years of age, who has a
 good voice, and is willing to be taught to sing. A line addressed to
 "O. E. D." Clipper office, will receive attention. 43-21

THE TROY THEATRE is now being repaired and renovated, pre-
 paratory to opening on or about January 27th. Ladies and gentle-
 men of acknowledged ability desiring engagements for a six months
 season, please address

HALL & RUGGS.
 Popular Stars treated with on liberal terms. 41-21

T. M. TYRRELL, Tragedian and Comedian, is now prepared to ne-
 gotiate with respect to engagements for the spring and summer sea-
 son. Address Box 473 P. O., North Attleboro', Mass. 42-31

MANAGERS, LESSORS, &c., wishing to engage J. A. COLEMAN,
 Comedian and Comic Vocalist, will please address

J. A. COLEMAN, Philadelphia P. O. 42-41

CARD—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Soltern begs to state
 that his engagement list is all to May next.

82-11 J. PONISI, Agent for Mr. S.

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 162 Canal Street.
 The best variety of Costumes in America, made to order and to hire.
 Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a
 stamp. No business done on Sundays. 51-41

TO MANAGERS AND ACTORS—A true American Comedy to be
 disposed of. Apply to GOMA, at this office.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, is ready to negotiate with a "Star" or
 "Troupe" as Business Agent. Letters addressed to "City Item"
 Office, Philadelphia, will reach him. 39-31

W. W. K. BUTLER, the celebrated Comic Vocalist, (late of the
 London Concerts,) is at present fulfilling an engagement with Profes-
 sor Anderson, Jun., in his Magic Entertainments. Address Post Of-
 fice, Birmingham. 43-21

MISS DORA SHAW'S address is inquired for by a Poughkeepsie
 correspondent. 43-11

TO BANJOISTS—In reply to numerous letters, we beg to say that
 we will send THREE SETS OF SUPERIOR BANJO STRINGS FOR \$1.
 Six written lessons on the Banjo, with explanation how to tune the
 instrument, sent as usual for \$1.
 43-11 DOBSON BROS., 150 Varick Street, N. Y.

PERSONAL. MISS LOUISE BERRY will please send her address to
 FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor of Frank Rivers' Melodeon, Philadel-
 phia, Pa. 43-11

WE have letters for Charley White; W. P. Spaulding, harp-
 ist; D. C. La Rue, pantoquist; J. H. Wright, comedian; G. W. Pike;
 Theo. L. Jacobs; Johnny Neil, jig dancer; Mons. Blondin.

CITY SUMMARY.
 MONDAY, February 4, 1861.

When Shakespeare, speaking of men in general, declared each of
 the great aggregate to be "merely a player," and "in his time
 generally was, did not include in his idea the professional actors of
 modern times. On their accustomed stage alone, each of these must
 certainly take numerous shapes; but that is not all. There is the
 bigger stage out of doors, whereupon, as circumstances suggest, our
 friends play motley to an undelimited extent. Trusting to the
 powers that have reached out of late, it seems that a character quite
 new—and what is more, inappropriate—has been assumed within
 the past few days, by several of our favorites of the sock and bus-
 kin. From New Orleans, for example, we hear that those doughty
 knights of the theatrical show, Messrs. George Jordan, Mark Smith,
 John Owens, Dolly Davenport and some others, comprising the com-
 pany at the Varieties in the matter of course, have organized
 themselves into a military company, ready to do battle for the
 South! The details rendered are exceedingly minute—the particu-
 lar parties indicated being appropriated to particular offices and
 duties, the occasions of drill being also specified, and nothing, in
 fact, left to the imagination, save the uniform these volunteers in an
 intended war with the North intend to don. The circumstance
 itself is out of the ordinary run of things. Actors, in an especial
 degree, we have always been accustomed to regard as a body of
 men, neutral in the affairs of the nation, from the very nature of
 their calling. Indeed, so strong has this belief been in us, that
 often, when admiring the displays of a crack tragedian or comedian,
 the Websterian exclamation, "I know no South, no North—I only
 know the Union," has been suggested to us as signally appropriate
 to the life of a player. But we have been deceived, and confess it,
 although we feel no inclination to criticize this new *furor* of our
 familiar too narrowly. Whether the ardor which has prompted the
 gentlemen, whose names we have already given, to gird on a
 sword with an edge, in the place of one without an edge, is pure
 love for the section of country they at present reside in, or whether
 the other striking element of the thing, actors, in the matter of
 religion alternately, just as the fickle wheelwork of his times di-
 tated—these actors in New Orleans had an eye solely to their current
 interest, we shall not take upon ourselves to determine. It is the
 singularity of the spectacle presented, with the field of suggestion
 opened thereby, which ought to invite, and does invite, our observa-
 tions. The existence of military organizations amongst theatri-
 cals, is a thing of the South, at the present crisis in the nation, it
 is, it follows naturally enough that similar organizations will be
 found in and for the North, and, in their chief and most interest-
 ing aspect here, in the good city of New York. Let the reader imagine
 the huge plume likely to be made on such an occasion. First,
 comes the stalwart Forrest, added by Conway, Fleher, Fenno, and
 the other striking gentlemen of Niblo's; next we are the veteran
 Wallace, with the dashing Lester as his right-hand man. The third
 place in this impromptu Brigade might be assigned to the radiant
 Miss Laura Keane, and her "Seven Sisters," and the assemblage of
 "female loveliness," to be seen at her theatre. All these, arrayed
 a la Zouave, might drift to the edification of New Yorkers in gen-
 eral and visitors in particular, and among their numerous evolu-
 tions, "present arms," so eliciting looks of the most tremendous
 delight; and if a climax on a climax was desirable, in what better
 way could the Laura Keane "Radiant Regiment" be sure it, than by
 the appointment of Mr. Lutz to the post of *vivandiere*? This patri-
 otic movement for the North, on the part of our public amateurs,
 would not be confined to theatrical performers exclusively. No; our
 minstrel friends would, as a matter of course, join in. The Bry-
 ant, with the Hooley & Campbell, and many others, would not
 start up, as one man, although it is questionable whether they would
 retain the black cork and the wool wig while acting the parts of
 soldiers. Under the circumstances of the case, it is only proper,
 however, we should wait a little, and see what the great showman,
 Time, ever pulling a string, is sure to present to us, the anxious ex-
 pectations of a people.

We perceive that the press generally denounce in bitter terms
 the action of the New Orleans Varieties Company, especially that
 portion of it who owe their position in the profession to friends in
 the North. We do not think this movement is anything else on
 their part but voluntary; they are not being compelled to take up
 arms, it has been an entire matter of their own choice, which has de-
 termined them to "take up the sword." Mark Smith is a Southern
 man, and is not so much to blame. We believe he was so well
 pleased with the North when he was last here, that he purchased a
 residence in the vicinity of Morrisania, intending to make it his
 future home. He paid a portion of the purchase money, and is now
 we learn, anxious to undo the bargain; but the war has the whip
 hand of him, and will hold the seceder to the fulfillment of the bond.
 Dolly Davenport is a Northern man, and a general favorite in this
 city. Previous to his departure for New Orleans, his friends gave
 him a big "send off" in the shape of a monster complimentary
 benefit. Some of those who contributed to the success of that affair,
 express themselves ready to give him their best, and to place him
 in the shape of a "brilliant reception" should he come to the
 city when warm weather in New Orleans sets in. So with the rest
 of them, Jordan, Owens, Leighton, etc. If this disunion sentiment
 is to be introduced into our amusement and business circles, it is
 time the North was made acquainted with it. Freedom of speech is
 guaranteed to every man in the North, he is of Northern or South-
 ern origin, he is to speak his mind, and to place his name to it, and
 to boldly proclaim their sentiments, and no one attempts to
 interfere with them. So in our theatres. No Southern performer,
 now acting in the North, forfeits his principles. He is as
 free to express himself as though he were in his own
 "sunny South." But we cannot expect this state of things
 to last when the spirit of such things as the "other side of
 the Atlantic" is reported to have been hissed at the
 Richmond Theatre while singing the Star Spangled Banner. She
 retired, and again appeared, singing the Southern Marseillaise, and
 tramping upon the American flag at the same time, when she was
 applauded to the echo. Our Richmond correspondent has made no
 mention of such an incident, we place no reliance in the state-
 ment. Still, Miss Richings will find it no place here to place her
 self in the matter before the public. There is much excitement
 in Philadelphia—where she is so well known—on the subject,
 and if the report should prove to be true, she will not be permitted
 to perform there again. Thus we see how this disunion business is
 beginning to work. With the formation of volunteer companies in
 Southern theatres, the military spirit of enthusiasm has been intro-
 duced into the theatre, and then good bye, John, to the cordial feeling
 heretofore existing among the fraternity in both sections of the
 country.

The week's business has been rather better than that of the
 preceding, although none of the theatres have had full houses.
 Even Forrest fails to draw the crowds he formerly attracted. Since
 our last he has appeared as Rubeen, in which character he made
 a favorable impression. He repeats the part to-night. On the 5th,
 the Zouaves will make another attempt, and appear in a new
 spectacle, entitled "Storming the Malskoff, led by the Forlorn
 Hope." It is a sort of "forlorn hope" with the off-nights at Niblo's,
 that is certain.

One of our theatres has "gone out." The old Bowery collapsed
 with Tilton's "complimentary" benefit on the 28th, and Spaulding
 & Rogers' "Great New Orleans Circus Company" has gone to Boston.
 We do not believe they will have better success in Boston than
 they had here. It is said that Professor Anderson has taken the
 house for a short season, and will open it in a few days. His big
 words will not take on the East Side, until they are substantiated
 a little. The Bowery boys like plain talk, and no jaw-breaking,
 meaningless terms. Let the "Northern" Wizard look to it.
 "The Lady of St. Tropez" had quite a short run at Wallace's, where
 it ended its brief career on the 24. Things don't work so lively at
 this house, of late, and the "sensation" appears to have run itself
 out. Old comedies are to be tried this week. Mr. Wallace is out
 with a card relative to his new theatre, in which he states that at
 no time has the work "slackened," that ten gentlemen have "not
 subscribed a purse of \$10,000," towards the completion of the build-
 ing, however much he might like such an act of kindness, etc. He
 makes this statement in reply to the squibs of "penny-a-liners,"
 who know more about his business than the manager knows him-
 self. If money is needed, and we presume it is in these hard times,
 no doubt the "indefatigable treasurer" can "negotiate" for a supply.
 There is quite an exciting time among our minstrel friends, and
 "secession" and "new confederacies" are the order of the day.
 On the 26th ult., Unsworth and Eugene "seceded" from Hooley &
 Campbell's Minstrels, and are now engaged in organizing a new
 band, to be called "Unsworth's Minstrels." Donniker has also left,
 and the secessionists will be left with a small troupe, and a small
 little ambition, but we prefer to see some judgment combined with
 it. In this secession movement, our young friends evince great
 want of tact and foresight. They leave good salaries—\$40 week
 each, we believe—at a very unfavorable time for sta-
 out through the country; a season, in fact, when old and ex-
 perience managers find it necessary to come to a stand-still, and
 lay up until such time as prospects will become more promising. We
 know of one firm who have lost \$3,000 during the past season, and
 another who have sunk \$5,000, and notwithstanding that these facts

are known to Messrs. Unsworth and Eugene, they have determined
 to set up for themselves, and we shall see how they succeed. In the
 meantime Messrs. Hooley & Campbell have applied the vacancies
 created by the secessionists, and have engaged John Duley in Unsworth's place, and
 as an end man has few superiors. Rollin Howard, a com-
 pany of wench characters, is in the front rank in that department,
 in singing and dancing. The business last week at Hooley &
 Campbell's, was an improvement on the preceding week, which is
 attributable, in some degree, to the weather. Duley and Ben Cotton, the
 two end men, already work well together, and rattle off their jokes
 with a perfect looseness. Cotton nightly increases in favor.

Another new band is being organized by Charley Fox, who re-
 turned from the bush, and is in the concert, it is said to be
 a Mr. Lloyd, of the Southern Steamboat Company. We hear it said
 that very large salaries have been offered, in order to secure the
 best of talent, and Sanford, in Philadelphia, will suffer thereby;
 for we understand that three of his men, Cool White, Drey and
 Carnrose, have been engaged. This company is intended for
 Southern market, and will work its way along the Mississippi to New
 Orleans, where the steamboat man is at home. We remember that
 a year or so ago, a similarly organized company was engaged to break
 down Morris' Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston.
 A person was to be named man, and big salaries were paid out
 round. The show was started, but Anderson seeing more profit out
 than coming in, big salaries were a "big thing" for the boys, but a
 mighty small game for the manager; so he suspended, a collapse
 took place, and the "talented company" went up in a balloon. Un-
 sworth has one of the best bands in the country, and he knows it.
 The minstrel business that the steamboat man in cheap is the
 does not burst his biler on his way down the Mississippi, but
 because he has a larger purse than Anderson had, and will force the
 market. The minstrels have been almost crazy about the high
 salaries offered by Lloyd's right hand man, but on second considera-
 tion some of them remembered that a "bird in the hand is worth
 two in the bush." The band, of thirty-four young ladies, who
 have had a succession of crowded houses, their object of enter-
 tainment drawing away many *hazards* of the theatres. We see that
 Jerry Bryant is to re-appear this evening, "after his recent indisposi-
 tion." Last spring, it will be remembered, Dan Bryant went to see
 the "big fight" in England "for the benefit of his health," and
 Jerry followed suit this season by going as far as Savannah.
 "Putty says." We say nothing, however, and give Jerry the benefit
 of his "recent indisposition." During Jerry's "sickness," his place
 was occupied by Tim Norton, who will perform his part.

Laura Keane's Theatre was fairly attended during the week, one
 or two nights the house being nearly full. The "Seven Sisters" is
 the attraction, with fresh improvements. Some

yes made in the trial, and, therefore, the plaintiff had no right to complain yet put in, and, therefore, the plaintiff had no right such examination. It was also on the ground that the defendant was present at the trial. The defendant's attorney offered to stipulate that if the defendant was not present at the trial, he should be stricken out by the Court. This, however, was not acceptable to the plaintiff. The Court reserved its decision.

K. W. Paschard for motion. Ex Judge Perrepoint opposed.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS

FROM ITS EARLIEST DATE,
With Sketches of some of the Principal Performers.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN,
EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The last days of the North Pearl Street Amphitheatre led to rather an up-hill business. A Mr. Davis was manager, I believe. At the grand finale Old Turnbull, father of Julia, the danseuse, produced an Abolition drama, full of woolly-headedism. I have forgotten the name of the piece. It was quite affecting, however; the author himself cried in some of the most tender points. It had a fine run of one evening. For some cause or other the manager on the next evening was obliged, as he said, to dismiss the audience in consequence of some of the artists rebelling and refusing to play. While the manager was making this moving speech, the ticket seller smelt a good sized rat, and there being just \$18 due him, he blew out the lights in the office and vanished with all the funds, \$18, all in small change. The manager threw himself upon the kind indulgence of the audience, and informed them that they could stop to the box office and have the money refunded them. The ticket seller was not at, and a free fight was the result. The chandelier was broken, as well as the manager, who made his escape through a sewer. The scene ended by old John Meigs, High Constable, and his posse capturing some dozen "Canavians" and two soldiers from the rendezvous. The old theatre soon wound up its career. Bill Lawson was engaged here about this time. It came to this court trying master with West in 1816. He was a fine looking man. He could neither read nor write, yet he could play the part of a sailor in excellent style. His Mat Mizzen was the best ever produced on the American Stage in that day. He played Joe Standfast equally well, in the "Turnpike Gate." Bill was the first victim to the cholera. In the summer of 1832, he died of the cholera in his room in Catherine street, New York. Poor Bill! his worst enemy was rum.—*Transit in exilium.*

Near the same locality, and equally as miserable, Miss Emery—(Mrs. Burroughs), the great English tragedienne, died. Her setting of Bianca was a most thrilling picture. Her untimely end was much regretted. In the Orchestra of the old North Pearl street amphitheatre, was to be seen and heard a remarkable personage—his name was Paddy Burns, and he was one of the best Kent bursters of that day. Paddy, of course, was a son of the Emerald Isle—he was in the British Service most of his days—his regiment was stationed opposite Fort Niagara, Canada. Paddy had made up his mind "solid," as he said, to Yankeeize himself, and Uncle Sam's dominions were only on the opposite side of Niagara river, some nine or ten miles below Niagara Falls. Burns was suspected, and was consequently watched very closely, so that an attempt to escape was a dangerous experiment, but he tried it, and succeeded. On one fine morning Paddy had an innocent confab with the sentinal, whose station was near the bank of the river. A few drops of the "crather" cemented the bonds of friendship, and the sentinal got three sheets in the wind, while Paddy Burns was as sober as the Pope. He managed to pour some of the liquor into the vigilant soldier's gun, unperceived, Paddy then retired from the presence of his friend, behind a rock, tied his bugle on his neck and plunged into the river, and swam a great distance from the shore before he was discovered. The alarm was given—the sentinal's gun flashed in the pan, and Paddy arrived on the bank of the river, and the Home of the Brave, amid the loud huzzas of the spectators on the American shore, who had watched the proceedings with the most intense anxiety. Burns then mounted a high elevation, and played "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" in the very teeth of John Bull! Paddy was liked by all who knew him. He died in Ohio.

John May, the clown, was admitted to the insane department of Blockley Asylum, Philadelphia, May 13th, 1854, where he died June 12th, of the same year. He was struck on the head on West by a stone, from the effects of which he lost his memory and was unable to perform for some time. He was a very worthy man, strictly temperate, and of a very lively wit. His old companions supported him until it was found that he could receive better nursing and attention at Blockley, where he was sent. John was born in Orange County, State of New York, September 7th, 1816. When a boy he was apprenticed to a tailor, but having a soul immeasurably above buttons, and feeling no desire to become distinguished as a knight of the shears, he soon cut the business, and we soon find him connected with a circus company, for which profession he had always entertained a predilection. From that day his course was one of constant labor and profit, he having amassed quite a considerable competency in his business, and attained a reputation second to none of his rivals. In 1844, he visited Europe professionally, and performed with great success at all the principal circuses of England, France, Spain, &c. He extended his travels to Africa, and subsequently visited South America. The announcement of Mr. May's name upon the bills was sure to secure a full house. In private life he was highly respected for his many virtues, proverbial liberality, and excellence of heart. Having traveled much, he had accumulated a valuable fund of information and anecdotes, and was always as pleasing and attractive in private conversation as in a professional capacity. His first appearance before a Philadelphia audience took place March 19th, 1845, at the Old National Theatre, as "Zanone," in "The Heroic Struggle of 1776."

Poor Jack! "we could have better spared a better man."

Mary Ann Cooke, daughter of Wm. Cooke, equestrian, died at Halifax, Yorkshire, England, from the effects of a severe accident. She was thrown from her horse against the side of the ring while performing, and her skull fractured. She was but eleven years old, but a great favorite.

William Harrington, equestrian, a native of Boston, died at Millidgeville, Georgia, Nov. 4, 1855, aged 31. Some time previous to his death he was in St. Louis with Rockwell's Circus, and having on a certain occasion fallen from his horse, he was considered deranged. While in St. Louis he made several attempts to kill himself by discharging a revolver through his left chest. He then shot himself through the head, a ball being in the pistol each time. He ran into the entry of the Hotel with the blood streaming down his face. Upon some friends attempting to stop him, he discharged a bullet at them, but missed them. He then invited a friend to see him shoot himself, and seating himself on a pile of wood, deliberately lodged the ball in his brain. At the time of his fall from the horse, he injured his head, and soon after showed signs of irritability.

James McFarland, attached to Spalding & Rogers' Circus Company, met with his death while travelling in Western Missouri, at the hands of a Mr. Roberts, landlord of a hotel in Liberty, Missouri. It seems that Spalding & Rogers, and North's Company were both to perform in Liberty on the same day. McFarland, formerly of the Spalding & Rogers' Company. The landlord had received several positive orders from North, not to allow any one to see the lady, and to keep a strict watch over her. McFarland learning that his wife was there, called and demanded of the landlord permission to see her. He refused, when McFarland proceeded up stairs, and the landlord seizing a bowie knife put after him. Hard words ensued, and drawing their weapons simultaneously a desperate fight occurred. McFarland was stabbed in the neck, severing the jugular vein, and was also cut several times in the body. He died in three minutes. The deceased drew his weapon and fired one load, but missed his antagonist. Every attempt to fire subsequently was ineffectual, from the caps snapping. The burial of the deceased took place the following day and was attended by all the members of Spalding & Rogers' Company.

Sol J. Lipman died in Cincinnati Nov. 2, aged 41. He was long and favorably known as clown. Sol was a native of Philadelphia and followed the vocation of clown for upwards of 30 years. He was full of eccentricity and fun, a man of honor and a warm friend.

Jack Whittaker. This celebrated equestrian died in April, 1847. He was at Vera Cruz, and on the bloody field of Cerro Gordo, where he escaped in safety, though he left his mark on the body of a musket ball. He was afterwards wounded in a skirmish with a Guerrilla party, and taken to the Hospital. He had nearly recovered from his wounds, when he fell a victim to camp fever. His last words were "Bury me where I lay my last rest—it was my best engagement, and my last five days your horse have a loose rein, I never desert your flag." Green be the turf above thee, glorious Jack.

James Stokes, black rope vaulter, was killed by the Cherokee Indians while travelling on foot to Montgomery, Ala., in 1833. He was an Englishman of West's company.

Robert Lowry, for many years a clown, died at Dr. Stone's Hospital, New Orleans, from Consumption, in 1840.

Ivan Showersky, noted for his black rope performance, of suspending himself by one heel, and then, while a shriek arose from the females comprising the audience, he would plunge into the air, with "a jerk" sufficient to break the bones of a common man. While he was swinging by his heel in Baltimore, in 1836, the rope slipped from the hook and attached to the large cord, suddenly broke, and he plunged head foremost to the earth, upon which he alighted senseless. He had his leg amputated, and shortly after died.

Frank Brower, clown, was born in Baltimore. The appearance of Frank in the ring is the cue for mirth, and his jests, always chaste and original, are such as would make a school boy's side. I have spent many an hour listening to the laughter provoking jests of Frank, and must confess that, as a clown, I think he has but few equals. Madame Louise Brower, formerly Louise Howard, maiden name Backs, was born in Baltimore, Md. This celebrated and wonderful female equestrian received a greater amount of sincere, unthought, and enthusiastic applause than was ever awarded to any other person who has attempted the daring and heroic art which she practices. Her unrivalled grace and astounding daring have been themes of eulogium, astonishment, and admiration, in all of the more populous cities of Europe. She is the only equestrienne who ever graced this country who rides with that Grace, Daring and Endurance taught only by the Parisian School; and she is acknowledged to have no superior in any part of the World! She is at present living in Philadelphia, enjoying her (from some friends).

Tru Cole, Circus manager, and a famous wrestler in his day. Born in the State of New York.

William Myers, a clown of some merit. Born in Baltimore, and died in Philadelphia in 1836.

Robert Williams, brought to this country by Cooke, from England, in 1837. Was still living in 1838.

Geo. Sargent, an excellent equestrian of his day; he was born in New York.

Geo. Sweet, equestrian and light rope performer, attached to Bowery Amphitheatre, Buffalo, threw himself from the third story

of the Eagle Tavern. He had for several days been laboring under a species of insanity, and attempted to make way with himself by taking opium.

Noel E. Waring died at New Orleans, February, 1854. He was extensively known as manager of Circuses and Menageries throughout the United States. He was highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He possessed a good heart and had all the fine feelings that characterize the philanthropist, and his friend in need should be helped in the highest estimation and cherished with affection and respect. Amicus Amicus generis.

Pepia's Circus disbanded forever at Nashville, in 1850. The only members of that company now living are Peter Cots and Jas. Bart. Cots was known at the Walnut street Circus in 1818, as "the gay young American rider." He was married to Miss Payne at Charleston, S. C., in 1830. She is now living in Australia. Chas. Durang in his reminiscences, says, he married a daughter of Manfredo. This is an error. The last accounts of Cots was that he was a homeless wanderer, old and infirm, but both honest and temperate. Non Compos Mentis.

Burt is at present living in Philadelphia looking as young and as fresh as a fighting cock, and withal a gentleman. A couple of calves. Mr. James Raymond, the well known Circus manager, died at his residence at Carmel, N. Y., in 1854. He left property valued at \$1,500,000. Part of it was the Broadway Theatre, N. Y.

Joe Jackson—right name John McIlwain—a black rope performer, was born in Philadelphia. Died in Columbus, Geo., in 1843. J. H. Stickney was born in Boston—died at New Orleans. W. W. in 1830. She is now living in Australia. Chas. Durang in his reminiscences, says, he married a daughter of Manfredo. This is an error. The last accounts of Cots was that he was a homeless wanderer, old and infirm, but both honest and temperate. Non Compos Mentis.

John Conklin was born in Cincinnati, where he died in 1838, from the effects of a fall while riding two horses.

A. Double—born in New York—died in the West Indies in 1845. Archibald Madden—clown—born in Williamsburgh, N. Y. Wm. Langley, son of Langley of Lalison's Circus. He cut his throat at Charleston, S. C., in 1849, during a fit of *Melancholia*. His mother was quite wealthy, and he had retired from the Circus many years before his death. He was engaged with Sizer's Circus, a wandering troupe through Alabama, Florida, etc., most of his life. Every member of this troupe have retired to the tomb of the Capulets. The last I saw of them was at Clairborn, Ala., in 1836. Ad. Am.

Geo. Byrnes was born in England—was engaged by Stephen Rice, as director of the Walnut street Theatre and Circus, Philadelphia, where he made his first appearance in America, on the opening night, May 1st, 1823. He was formerly director of Astley's Amphitheatre, London. Retired from the profession and opened a porter house on Staten Island, N. Y., where he died in 1836.

W. F. Wallcut the unrivalled and celebrated clown, was born in England. He made his first appearance in America, in New York. On the 17th of Dec. 1819, he appeared in Philadelphia at the National Circus. First appeared on the stage as an actor, Dec. 11, 1852, as "Duke Aranz" at the "Chester," Philadelphia, for the benefit of Lyander Thompson.

Miss Sallie Stickney.—This beautiful and accomplished equestrienne has attracted a great deal of attention and comment, and the opinion is that she is one of the best female riders we have in the country. Certainly, if her youth and her talents are considered, she is without a rival in the country. In her "Principal Act," her leaping, cutting, prouetting, and one-foot riding, she is very fine. She bears herself with a grace and dignity—a charm of manner—a frank, lady-like, becoming ease and assurance—that is positively rare. She jumps most gracefully, and with great intrepidity. Her maneuvres are most novel, and her fancy fertile. Her judgment is of great certainty and ease. She is a Philadelphia by birth, and has been in the "ring" ever since she could walk.

John Grimaldi Wells, the clown, died in Philadelphia, April, 1852. Three of his daughters are at present in the profession. Mary Ann is the wife of Frank Whittaker, the best ring-master in the country. Amelia was one of the first of the "ring" to appear in America. She is the wife of Robert Butler, low comedian, and is engaged at one of the saloons on Broadway, New York, as a vocalist. Miss Louisa was the daughter of the old "National," Phil. She is a thoroughly educated artist, dances with grace and finish, and has made great progress of late years.

George Yeaman was born in Scotland. He came to the States with J. West in 1816. He was well known under the cognomen of "The Flying Horseman." Died, much regretted, at Concord, N. C., November 7th, 1827.

Dan Rice, the "humorist," was born in New York, in the year 1822. He got his first glimpse of the elephant in his native city, and emigrating early in life to Pittsburgh and the far West, had ample chance to study human nature in all its phases. His intellect is fine, his perceptive powers acute, his fancy fertile, his judgment sound, and his imitations great. He is a wonderful example of what a man can effect by determination. He has met with every vicissitude which can befall an adventurer. His triumphs in training animals surpass those of any mortal in the world. His horse "Excellor" he endowed with intellect; whilst he absolutely taught his elephant to walk a tight rope, and to perform a great variety of the high-toned tricks which have marked Mr. Rice's course, and the unending determination, with which he conducts his entertainments, reflect upon him great credit.

THE END.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS, OR WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES. NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWELVE
The Hero of the Black Work—Bill Richmond—His Fight with Davis.

Within the limits of merrier mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

Five years had nearly elapsed since this Hero of the Black Work had exhibited in the prize-ring; and his confidence and science seemed considerably increased, rather than any diminution of spirit observed on his once more preparing for action. Richmond appeared in excellent condition, and looked more like a man of thirty than what he actually was, fifty-two years of age! He weighed 12 stone 2lb., and Davis, 12 stone 10lb., but the latter was the fatter of the two, and better, previous to the fight, was 11 to 8 and 5 to 4 upon him.

Davis, a fine, tall, powerful, young, athletic navigator, it seems, had thumped his way into notice, by serving seven or eight customers with tolerable ease; but he was most egregiously mistaken in entering the lists with Richmond. Second-rate pugilists, or strong runners, must not attempt to box with much more than a matter of course. It must be a first-rate steady miller that can, with anything like certainty, dispose of the man of color; and, if he accomplishes this task in half an hour, it will not be doubted that he has made the most of his time. When the age and activity of Richmond are taken into consideration, if he cannot be produced the very first boxer of the day, it may be observed, he stands not a good way down the list. At all events, he is an extraordinary pugilist, and a proper dangerous customer for any of the millers, however distinguished by practice and science.

The above heroes contended for the first £50 purse given by the Pugilistic Club, at Coombe Wood, on Tuesday, May 3, 1814. Everything was conducted with appropriate attention congenial to the patronage bestowed upon the occasion, which was much more courteous than heretofore. The members of the Club were dressed in their uniform (blue and buff); and these persons who were appointed to clear the outer ring wore dark blue ribbons in their hats, to designate their appointment, tending to prevent any sort of confusion, because, at other times, some seating have been challenged with officiousness.

The stakes, and ropes, were entirely new, and upon the form before the Club (P. C.) had been painted. The ropes went round the ring, which was 21 feet. Davis entered first; he threw up his hat, bowed to the spectators, and was well received. Richmond soon followed, paid the like attention, and was equally applauded. Their seconds now began to perform their office, Joe Ward and Dick White for Davis, and Tom Beicher and Bill Gibbons for Richmond. The sun shined away, and the time for the steady side was won for Richmond. A few minutes after one the set to commenced.

Round 1. From the well-known science possessed by Richmond, and his peculiar fort of hitting and getting away, considerable interest was excited upon the setting to of the combatants. Davis being under the guidance of the veteran Joe Ward, it was presumed, and the Navigator would be made awake to the dangerous mode of attack pursued by his antagonist, and to be on the alert by endeavoring not to be cut up and spoilt before his own powers could fairly be brought into action. Davis did not want for confidence, and made a good hit with his left hand, which was stopped by Richmond, who also returned right, and left, but without any material effect. Davis, anxious to make a beginning, and full of vigor, followed up his man, and with considerable address planted a smart hit on Richmond's temple with his right hand, which knocked him down instantly. Betting took a lift, and 7 to 4 was loudly vociferated upon Davis.

2. Both combatants rallied with great spirit, and some heavy blows passed between them, the former being the most successful; but, notwithstanding, the man of color was again levelled. Two to one was sported upon Davis in the exultation of the moment by the inexperienced; but the more cool better was too well aware that such a proceeding was rather premature.

3. Richmond began to show off a little the mastery of the art, by setting the nob of his antagonist severely and getting away; but Davis, with much resolution, bore in, when after closing, both went down, and Richmond the undermost.

4. Richmond rallied in fine style, and with his left hand put in a most tremendous blow, which irritated Davis so much, that he suffered his passion to be uppermost and he rushed furiously, but his distance being too short, Richmond went down from a slight touch on the mouth. Davis bled profusely.

5. The science of Richmond in this round burst forth so conspicuously, that the doubtful were now satisfied of his superiority. Content in himself, and with his science and courage united, he nobly opposed a rally, and got away with uncommon dexterity, by pushing most terribly at every step, the head of Davis the navigator, in to dropping his head, and the head of Davis, when Richmond, quite unexpectedly to his antagonist, stopped short, and planted so severe a teaser on the mouth of Davis, that it sent him quickly on the grass. Even betting.

6. Davis, from the severity of the last round, was unable to gain any advantage over Richmond, who again took the lead in high style, by mugging and dropping his head, and the head of Davis, when Richmond, quite unexpectedly to his antagonist, stopped short, and planted so severe a teaser on the mouth of Davis, that it sent him quickly on the grass. Even betting.

7. Davis, from the severity of the last round, was unable to gain any advantage over Richmond, who again took the lead in high style, by mugging and dropping his head, and the head of Davis, when Richmond, quite unexpectedly to his antagonist, stopped short, and planted so severe a teaser on the mouth of Davis, that it sent him quickly on the grass. Even betting.

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9. Davis, from the severity of the last round, was unable to gain any advantage over Richmond, who again took the lead in high style, by mugging and dropping his head, and the head of Davis, when Richmond, quite unexpectedly to his antagonist, stopped short, and planted so severe a teaser on the mouth of Davis, that it sent him quickly on the grass. Even betting.

blow upon his jaw, that his senses seemed bewildered, and his confusion was so great, that he made blows without any sort of direction, till he hit himself down under the ropes.

8. Davis, in rallying, hit Richmond slightly on his mouth, when the latter kept punishing his adversary severely and getting away; but, in closing, Richmond went down.

9. The inferiority of Davis was manifestly apparent. In science he was by no means equal, and his strength was much reduced by the art of his opponent. Richmond continued his retreating system with great success, and put in so weighty a blow under the ear of Davis, that he was instantly levelled.

10. This round was of little importance; both closed and fell, but Richmond undermost.

11. Richmond, in this round, completely spoilt his antagonist. Davis was going in to smash the black in haste, but he met with such a stopper, right in the wind, as completely changed his course; he reeled again. Davis now closed, by endeavoring to throw Richmond, which he accomplished, fell down upon his rump, his head lolled towards the ground, completely rolled up, and distressed beyond measure.

12. Had Davis possessed the strength of a giant, it must have been exhausted by the mode in which he fought. Notwithstanding the severe remembrances which he had received in the preceding rounds, and bleeding in all directions, he had gained no experience from it, but still kept following Richmond all over the ring, hitting wide and losing himself. The black kept pursuing, but received no punishment, and who kept retreating, retreating, and retreating again, and at almost every step made woful havoc on the mob of his adversary, completely showing to the spectators what might be accomplished by scientific movements. Richmond, at length, suddenly made a stand, and, by his distance proving correct, with his right hand he hit the mouth of Davis with such uncommon severity, as not only to separate his upper lip from his nose, but he went down like a log of wood. Numerous betters, but no takers.

13. It was plain that Davis was nearly finished; he appeared stupid, and his efforts were feeble. Richmond put an end to the combat, by knocking him down with such severity, that his legs rebounded, and he was partly under the ropes. Davis could not come again.

Upon Richmond's being declared the conqueror, he with all the agility of a tumbler, leaped over the ropes, which were nearly five feet in height. He received little if any hurt except a blow on the temple and a slight touch on the mouth; while, on the contrary, Davis was so dreadfully punished that he could not stand, and was supported off the ground. The battle continued twenty minutes. Richmond remained on the ground, during the sports of the day, without suffering the slightest inconvenience from this conflict.

ALMOST LOST THROUGH A NAIL.—It is stated that a few years ago one of the Cunard steamers was approaching our shores, and supposed herself 200 miles or more from land, when suddenly they found the ship on soundings, and on backing, ascertained they were within two ships' length of a bar, from which a ship, running her keel on, had ever been able to get off. To account for this mistake in their reckoning, they found that a carpenter had driven a nail so near the compass, that it had influenced the needle, misled the pilot, and thus welligh destroyed the ship and all on board.

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